JOHN BULL

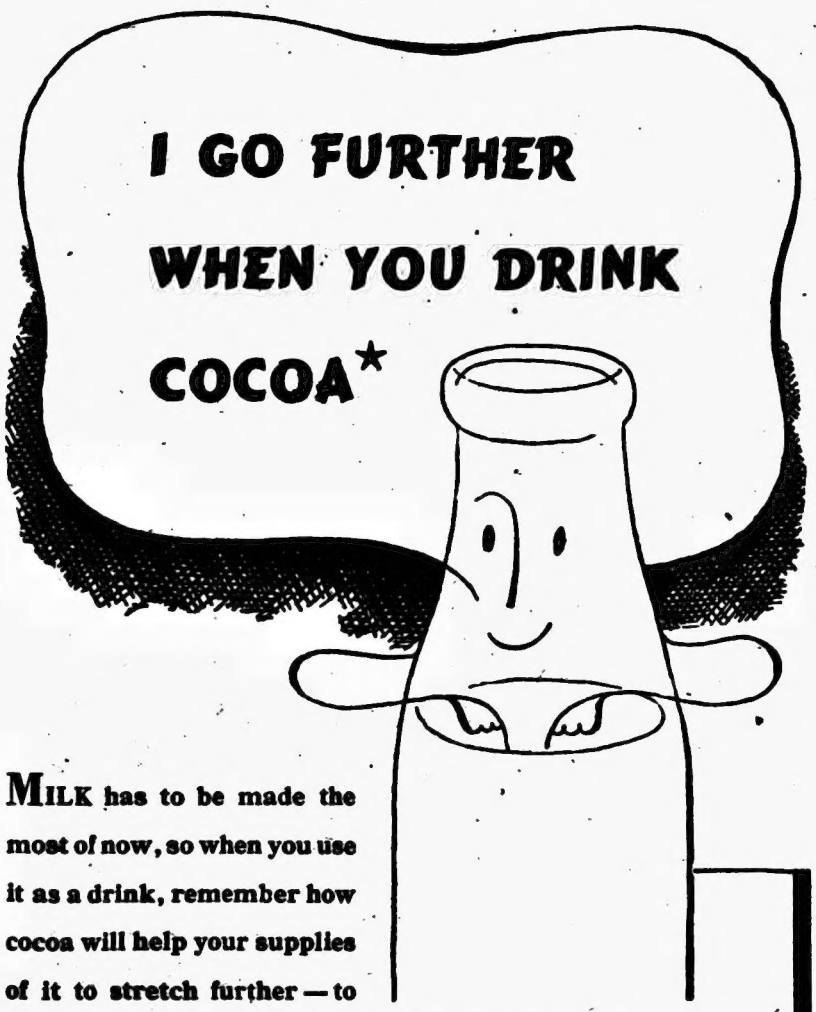
VOL. LXX
1849

3D EVERY THURSDAY

PEACE—WITH WHOM? By the Editor

TRUTH ABOUT THE GAMING DENS

DEFEAT FOR HITLER ...BUT by A.G.G.



MILK has to be made the most of now, so when you use it as a drink, remember how cocoa will help your supplies of it to stretch further—to do more good. Cocoa is a food in itself—ask your doctor, or the Royal Navy! Children love it, too. You want your meals to go further, your money to go further? The answer's BOURNVILLE!

Make the most of your milk with

BOURNVILLE COCOA

WHY IT SHOULD BE BOURNVILLE
★ EXTRA FOOD VALUE
★ IRON—THE BLOOD ENRICHER
★ PHOSPHATES—FOR HEALTHY GROWTH
★ AID TO DIGESTION
★ VITAMIN D—VITAL TO HEALTH

LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE
5D PER ¼ LB

HOW TO GET YOUR POINTS RATION BOOK

To get your Points Ration Book you must present (or send by a friend), your Main Ration Book at any of the special local Distribution Offices which have been arranged throughout the country or at any Food Office. Posters giving addresses of these Offices are displayed in Post Offices, Cinemas and elsewhere; lists are also printed in the Ministry of Food advertisement in all local weekly newspapers.

You don't have to go in person with your Main Ration Book; a neighbour or a friend could take yours with her own, and so get you your new Points Ration Book. It would be a neighbourly thing to arrange for one person to act for a whole group. The actual handing out of each book will take only a few seconds.

How the Points Book will be used

Before you can use your new book you will have to copy on to its cover (from your Main Ration Book), your Name, Address and National Registration Number, and also the name of your local Food Office.

The book contains three kinds of coupons marked A, B and C. You will be able to use them only between the dates shown on each coupon.

There are four of each coupon, A, B and C for every four-week period. Coupons marked A will count 1 point each. Coupons marked B will count 1 point each. Coupons marked C will count 2 points each. This makes a total of 16 points per head per four weeks.

Do not be misled by the fact that coupons are printed on both sides. This does not give double the number of coupons; the coupons will be cut off by the shopkeeper whenever purchases are made, and the printing on both sides are to help him with the sorting.

Remember that there is no registration. You can use your coupons at any time within the four-weekly period at any shop licensed to sell these goods.

Take your Main Ration Book and apply for your "Points" Ration Book NOW.

The scheme started on November 17th.

Here are the first food groups included in the new scheme.

16 points per 1 lb. net.

Solid pack canned meats (other than corned beef, corned mutton and corned pork), including:—

Tongues; Briskets; Australian Minced Meat Loaf; Australian or New Zealand Canned Rabbit; Eire Stewed Steak; U.S.A. Luncheon Meat; Canned Pork; Canned Sausage Meat.

Canned Salmon, Crawfish (or Crayfish), Lobster, Crab, Tunny, Sardines.

12 points per 1 lb. net.

All other canned fish (mainly herrings and pilchards.)

8 points per 1 lb. net.

All canned home-produced meat products (other than pastes and soups) and Eire ready meals. Ready meals; Meat rolls; Galantines.

4 points per 1 lb. net.

Canned beans in sauce or gravy—home-produced and imported.

Food Facts No. 68. *Issued by The Ministry of Food, London, W.1.*

HOW THE FRESH-FOOD VITAMINS CAN HELP YOUR CHILDREN

1. They guard against infection. 2. They promote sturdy growth; strengthen the bones and teeth; prevent rickets. 3. They help to keep skin and hair healthy. 4. They help the eyes to see at night.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA
gives you an extra supply of
Fresh-Food Vitamins

Prices: quarter-lb. 5d. half-lb. 9½d.

Save leather by using

—the brilliant leather preservative

CB/JW

HAVE A FILM STAR COMPLEXION

—but make your Lux Toilet Soap last twice as long

MORE and more girls nowadays are wanting to follow the soap-and-water beauty care of the film stars. So it's easy to understand why Lux Toilet Soap is sometimes hard to get in the shops.

But don't despair! You can go on having that same film star beauty treatment. For Lux Toilet Soap can *actually be made to go twice as far.*

That's because it has an *active* lather. This means it lasts longer — doesn't dry up and disappear.

Besides the lather is so much more abundant than the lather of ordinary soaps that, with one simple twist of the Lux Toilet Soap tablet, you'll get enough lather — even in hard water — to soap your hands and arms. In soft water, you'll get enough to soap your face and neck as well.

It's surprising, too, the amount of soap you can save if you remember to stick the end of your old tablet on to the new one. And always keep your soap tablet as dry as you can. Place it on a rubber mat, if you have one, or in a wire soap dish or a string soap carrier.

Lux Toilet Soap is now sold in the new 3½d. tablet (Purchase Tax included).

LUX TOILET SOAP

The Beauty Soap of the Film Stars

TL1252-9 A LEVER PRODUCT

W. & A. Gilbey

We wish to announce that our Wines and Spirits retain their high, pre-war standard of QUALITY, though QUANTITY is severely limited by reason of the national emergency.

We regret therefore any disappointment that may be experienced on this account, either by consumers or traders.

For general guidance, the prices in England and Wales of a few of our leading Wines and Spirits are quoted below:—

	Per Bot.
PORTS	
Triple Crown *Alto - Douro Tawny*	7/6
Gilbey's Invalid *Full Vintage*	7/6
Old J *Finest Old Tawny* ...	9/6
SHERRIES	
Bonita *Rich Golden Oloroso*...	8/-
Rustan Brown *Old Brown* ...	8/6
COCKTAIL	
"Odds On" *Cocktail* ...	6/6
OLD ENGLAND	
British Ruby	3/9
British White	3/9
British Sherry...	3/9
RED BEVERAGE WINE	
Reo. *A full bodied Burgundy Type Wine*	4/6
SCOTCH WHISKY	
Spey Royal *Old Matured* ...	17/6
BRANDIES	
Lor-Ex ★★★ *Fine Cognac* ...	30/-
Tago *Pure Grape Brandy* ...	20/-
GIN	
Gilbey's Famous Crystal Dry	17/-
RUM	
Governor General	17/6

SHE TOOK A WAR WORKER'S PLACE

on a bus — but NOT in the factory!

You who travel for yourself can choose your time. War workers can't. If you insist upon boarding a bus, tram or train at the time essential workers travel to or from their jobs, one of them may get left. And you wouldn't be happy if you knew that you were holding up war work!

TRAVEL BETWEEN
10 & 4
and dont crowd out the War Workers!

Issued by the Ministry of War Transport and Ministry of Labour and National Service

SAILORS *are but* MEN

THREE years ago, I was a garage mechanic, making 50/- a week. When war came, I joined the Navy as a motor-mechanic, went through a course of training, passed the tests, and here I am — Chief Petty Officer on an M.T.B. (motor torpedo boat), the fastest craft afloat.

An M.T.B. goes out under cover of darkness, fires her torpedoes where they'll do most good, returns to re-load, and repeats. It would be too bad if there was engine-trouble and that's where I come in — I see there isn't.

The only snag is being away from the wife, especially during the blitz periods. Last year she was working right in the middle of it and I suppose I must have got worried about her. Anyway I began to feel like a chewed string. Even a long sleep didn't seem to rest me. I was *always* tired. So while I was home on leave once, my wife would insist that I got the doctor to give me a tonic.

I thought he'd just give me a bottle of the old pink medicine but instead of that he talked to me about the three Sleep Groups.

It seems you can divide people into three Sleep Groups. The 3rd Group are the people who suffer from real insomnia. The 2nd Group are the people who seem to sleep all right but don't get properly rested by their sleep. The 1st Group are the right 'uns — they get the kind of sleep that does a real repairing job.

The doctor said Horlicks would help me to get back into the 1st Sleep Group and build me up generally.

So my wife and I started taking Horlicks, and to cut a long story short — it's done us both a power of good.

In the last letter I had from my wife, she was saying how much fresher she feels now all day. I'm the same. I'm quite bright even first thing in the morning! And how I enjoy our night runs now! I'm back in the 1st Sleep Group all right and I give Horlicks credit for it. What I think is this — it's good nourishing food, you sleep well on it, and it builds up a sort of *reserve of energy* in you for the next day.

* * *

YOUR sleeping time is your repairing time. During sleep, your body and mind should be completely restored so that you are alert and brimful of energy next day. If you are not restored in this way by your sleep, you cannot be your best or do your best. You *must* get into the 1st Sleep Group with the people who are fully alive, alert and purposeful from morning till night. Horlicks will help you to get into the 1st Sleep Group. In every way it will build you up and enable you to put out the extra effort needed from each one of us to-day.

We ask the forbearance of users of Horlicks when their chemists or grocers are temporarily without stock. Every effort is being made to ensure equitable distribution.

HORLICKS

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, November 22, 1941.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2 Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

PLAYING AT WAR

● **Sportsmen in the Services are usually lucky.**

In the last war, men were sent from the line to soft jobs at H.Q. because it was discovered that they had played in a county's reserve football team or in county cricket.

And H.Q. was eager to keep them for its own soccer and cricket sides.

That sort of enforced "dodging the column" became an absolute scandal. It is no less a scandal now.

We hear of Servicemen, fighting fit, who are kept on office chairs because they can handle bat and ball as well as Bren and bullet.

Even when they are "posted" by headquarters, their commanders usually get the transfers rescinded by persuading higher-ups that the men are engaged on special duties and cannot possibly be replaced.

So the fighting-fit sportsmen keep their soft jobs, and less fit men go off to take the hard knocks.

That hardly encourages contentment in the Services.

Nor does it conform to the Government policy of putting women and low-grade men in Service offices.

In this war, even sportsmen should be doing their bit.

Straight from the Shoulder

SECOND FRONT

THE Second Front is in being.

It stretches across the world. It becomes more and more effective as our growing resources are thrown in and deployed.

No longer do we need to remain on the defensive. The initiative is passing to us.

Change of Scene

The war is about to take a new turn. That should be plain to all who have eyes to see.

When the snows pile up on the Russian steppes, battlefronts will be formed in the warmer lands of Africa.

But in Europe, too, we have opportunity for action.

Raid Them!

It is utterly impracticable—yet—for us to invade the Continent. It is well within our power to mount large-scale and heavy raids on the Occupied Countries.

And in this respect we have been strangely timorous.

Gaps in the Armour

Not all the vast coastline from Narvik to Brest is strongly defended. That would have been too big a task for the German Army even before it suffered terrible losses in Russia.

We have the forces to pierce holes in the enemy's defences. We should find plenty of willing helpers among the oppressed peoples.

We should mount these raids simultaneously with a major offensive elsewhere.

Let Them All Come!

Where will that offensive be staged? The answer probably lies in the fact that the Axis is sending enormous reinforcements to Libya. Even, so it is reported, from the Russian front.

"Let them all come" is our motto.

The more they attempt to run the deadly gauntlet of the Navy and the R.A.F., the greater their losses become.

No Hot-house Lilies

Neutral newspapers hint that General Auchinleck will soon take the intiative. If so, he will find not only an army of dejected Italians to rout.

German troops are there in strength.

Their "hot-house" training used to excite ridicule. But now they have had eight months' actual experience of the Libyan desert. They will be tough.

Camping Out

Large numbers of them are said to be camped in the desert far south of the fertile coastland and, such bases as Bardia, Derna and Benghazi.

No doubt they are there lest we attempt a great enveloping movement through central Libya to cut off the coastal towns.

No doubt, also, that their position is precarious.

Life Line Cut

If we cut their supply line, they must either starve or attempt to fight a way out with poor cover against our fleets of American-built bombers.

Indeed, the enemy's whole system of supplies in this theatre is jeopardised.

That last big convoy we sank must have carried enough supplies to keep the entire enemy force for weeks—to say nothing of thousands of unlucky Italian troops.

On to Tripoli

This time we must go on to Tripoli.

Had we not stopped at Benghazi last year, we should not have been pushed back to Tobruk and the Egyptian frontier.

If we take Tripoli we shall command the Central Mediterranean. We shall be able to influence General Weygand—and the example of our action in Syria can hardly be lost on him.

Enemy Hide-out

Much farther south, there is another outpost of the Vichy empire—Dakar.

It is a base for Nazi U-boats and long-range bombers.

We have tolerated it far too long. We should be making plans to render it less harmful to our Atlantic shipping.

The Rock

Gibraltar must always loom large in our plans.

If we seized the North African coast, the Nazis would probably invade Spain in a last attempt to make the Mediterranean too hot for us.

There is typhus in Spain. There is near-famine. There is already much sabotage.

Spanish Volcano

One of the most important of Spanish chemical factories has been blown up. Executions have followed three cases of railway sabotage in a fortnight.

It now takes twenty-five hours instead of five to travel by rail from Madrid to Barcelona.

So Hitler's march through the peninsula would not be a pleasure trip.

Blows for Musso

Italy is already part of our Second Front.

She is war-weary and impoverished. Her army has been depleted and her navy decimated. Naples and Brindisi are rocked by two-ton bombs.

With more African bases at our command, all her long coastline would be open to heavy air attack. Indeed, we could launch a direct blow against her.

In Extremis

That may not be necessary. Much of the Italian Empire has been torn away, and Italy herself is bleeding to death.

Moreover, the Nazi hold on other countries in southern Europe will be weakened when we regain the mastery of the Mediterranean.

Aid to Russia

No less integral a part of our world-wide front is the newest sector of Persia.

We are hurriedly reconstructing the roads and railways of that mountainous country. Over them, supplies are beginning to trickle through to the Russians.

That trickle must be made a flood.

Well Prepared

Of course the Soviet armies will survive the winter!

They are magnificently equipped against the terrible frosts the ill-equipped enemy must soon face.

But they have lost nearly half their industrial resources, and they must do more than withstand the winter. They must be ready to advance next Spring.

So they badly need all the help that British factory workers can send them.

Uncle Sam's Ships

In spite of her size and manpower, Russia is like a gigantic besieged city. Our Navy, our merchant ships, our R.A.F. keep her supply lines open.

Soon, these and the British munition workers will be greatly reinforced by the ships of the U.S., adding the production of its workers to the supply stream that is now flowing strongly eastwards.

Nazi Boycott

But Uncle Sam is strengthening the Second Front in other ways.

He has persuaded the South American States to sell him all their surplus goods to prevent the Nazis from buying them.

Looking Eastward

His withdrawal of marines from Shanghai is of no importance in comparison with the tremendous reinforcements of bombers he has sent to other danger-spots in the Far East.

To the older news of British air and military reinforcements for Singapore comes the Prime Minister's announcement of the despatch of very powerful warships.

Japan would be ill-advised to attack the extreme end of our Second Front.

Atlantic Campaign

At the other extreme, the Battle of the Atlantic has entered the second phase that was predicted in these columns.

It is going better for Britain than any of us would have dared to predict.

Unfortunately, we are not doing all we could to balance the losses we are inevitably sustaining. There is still too much muddle in our shipyards.

Forward View

Indeed, far more efficient co-ordination is needed in every sector of the Home Front.

So many defects have been exposed in these columns that they need not be emphasised.

If they are remedied, the outlook for the future is good.

Now for It!

Next year should see the Russians still fighting back strongly, our position in the Mediterranean made sure, Italy smashed, and our chief enemy fatally weakened.

The Second Front should prove the decisive front.

(Continued overleaf)

EX-SERVICEMEN NOT WANTED

● **A young Welshman volunteered for the Army when war broke out. He served for two years with a good record.**

But, after three months in hospital, he was discharged as unfit. That was last July.

Ever since he has been trying to get a job.

In vain. "Employers don't want young ex-Servicemen," he says, drily.

Desperately, he went to Cardiff and volunteered for the R.A.F.

Five doctors passed him!

Then his unemployment card revealed him as a discharged soldier, and he was quickly rejected.

So he is still "signing on" at the employment exchange, waiting for something to turn up, and waiting without much hope.

About his case three questions arise:

What has happened to the much-vaunted job-finding schemes for discharged Servicemen? How is it possible for a man discharged from one Service with nerve trouble to be passed for another Service? And who said that war work was available for every man and

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

IMPORTANT new military airport in the U.S.A. has been completed within three months. It covers 1,440 acres; a great deal of stumps and roots had to be cleared away.

Having told you of British aerodromes that are a year behind schedule, we shall not speculate on the time it would have taken our authorities to do that job.

Paid Idleness

But let us add this by way of illustration:

Haulage contractor engaged on big airfields and war factories tells us that he may soon have to close down.

He pays his drivers union wages, but they are all being tempted away by offers of £13 a week by bigger contractors. Now he finds them wasting a whole morning sitting round a camp fire.

You can bet your boots that their new employers are on a cost-plus-profit basis.

Petrol in Plenty

Moreover, aerodrome construction is held up because officialdom won't release petrol for the job. Similarly, a coach owner wholly engaged on troop transport is denied enough petrol.

Yet an allowance of twelve gallons a day is allowed to cars serving a foreign Embassy—an Embassy of a country that is waging war against our Russian allies.

Pampered

JOHN BULL would like to know how many other pampering privileges are granted to unfriendly foreign diplomats.

Wasted Taxis

Again, a taxi-driver tells us that half his "fares" are on pleasure trips. But though no petrol is supposed to be provided for non-essential journeys, if he refuses to waste petrol on pleasure-goers he risks a summons.

Cab regulations are obviously out-of-date. The taximan should be able to refuse journeys that could be covered by 'bus or train without changing.

Women H.G.'s

"No weapons for women Home Guards," says Officialdom sternly, and JOHN BULL heartily agrees.

Yes, we admire those women for their pluck. But we think they could do better jobs than handling weapons that are urgently needed to train the men who will have to do the real fighting.

Lost Legion

True, not all the men who want to fight are allowed to do so.

Way up North is a lost legion of 150 Australians. Hearing that the Empire needed men in the Fighting Forces, they joined up in the Royal Australian Engineers.

For fifteen months they have been tree-felling and sawing—work that could be done by elderly civilians.

For that they have come 13,000 miles, and they include blacksmiths, mechanics, fitters and gunners, who could and should be using their skill.

Army Barter

Garrison engineers—civilian experts who provide the Army with huts and other accommodation—are in despair.

Without a system of barter, they'd get nothing done. Somebody wants cement and has a few Nissen huts to spare. A deal is arranged with somebody else who has cement but no huts.

The system works, but the waste is colossal.

Going Stale

In one case, tons of cement acquired by barter could not be used immediately. The rain got at it and it was ruined.

In another case, fifty tons of cement —acquired in the same way—was kept for eighteen months, though in civilian building cement is condemned after one month.

Let's hope it wasn't used for tank blocks.

No Rest-Cure

There's no doubt of the excellence of medical treatment in R.A.F. hospitals. But what a pity they maintain the worst traditions of spit-and-polish!

Patients who are seriously ill have to have their beds moved every morning for polishing. Patients, only allowed up after midday, none the less have to get up after breakfast to help sweep floors, polish brass, and so on.

And No Sense!

Kit must be laid out in lockers according to pattern. Tooth- and shaving-brushes must be exposed to the dust from sweeping. Anti-gas clothing must be tied round with supporting tapes, so that if an alarm came in the dark it could not be disentangled quickly.

It's odd how the Services fail to combine neatness with common-sense.

This Freedom

Which reminds us that a sister in an R.A.F. hospital is technically an officer, and may not be seen out with a "common airman."

So a sister whose brother is an airman at a near-by station is not allowed to meet him!

And this, you know, is a war for freedom and equality.

Who!

Can anyone tell us the names of the medical advisers who have so badly let down the Minister of Food? The people, we mean, who scheduled the illnesses that entitle you to a decent milk allowance.

One reader is bedridden following pneumonia and abscess of the lungs. But he can't get a milk certificate.

They Need It

Active tuberculosis cases can get it. But it is denied to people who are thought by their doctors to be in danger of contracting the disease.

We should have thought they were the very folk who most need milk. And most medical men think so.

Where's Work!

Mr. Ince, Director of Man-Power, undoubtedly got the worst of his broadcast encounter with a woman who for months had sought war work in vain.

To add to his embarrassment, we can tell him of a man of fifty, formerly a transport contractor with a turnover of £15,000 a year, who asked two employment exchanges for a job.

Tired of waiting, he tried another exchange—only to be referred back to the local one.

Red-White Elephant

The Central Registry was formed to help such professional people. But it has become a mammoth White Elephant liberally adorned with Red Tape.

An accountant filled up duplicate forms for the Registry. A little later he wrote to say that he had added to his qualifications by passing a professional examination.

The Registry's answer was a request that he should fill up the same form he had already completed in duplicate. And the form was sent in a too-large and unused envelope on which a "war economy" label had been needlessly affixed.

Hustle

In fairness to the Ministry of Labour, however, we can report one example of efficient hustling.

A young woman registered with her age-group on Saturday, was interviewed on the following Monday, and started in a war job on Tuesday.

More Muddle

Criticisms from readers amplify our own strictures on the National Fire Service.

They tell us of more appointments of inexperienced outsiders to big fire-fighting posts. Of vexatious differences in working conditions of firemen in various districts. Of objection to the new duty system of 48 hours on and 24 hours off.

Change Wanted

We hear of firemen being retained to "supervise" the girls brought in to take over their work and release them for actual fire-fighting.

We are told of fire stations being washed down with petrol, of high officers being driven by *firemen* in high-powered cars on trifling errands.

So, more and more, we are convinced that Mr. Morrison should give himself the luxury of second thoughts about the N.F.S.

Penalty

Not even war can induce some employers to be human.

A London toolmaker took two hours off to give his blood at a hospital. The management not only deducted two hours' pay, but 4s. war bonus as well.

Just to discourage others from saving life?

Paid Off

Women first-aid workers at Eston, in Yorkshire, have had a busy time and been accustomed to standing-to for sixteen hours on end. So they are surprised that Officialdom has suddenly decided that they are medically unfit and are replacing them by girls.

We are not surprised at their surprise.

War Charity

Nor do we marvel at the "grouse" of some Welsh miners.

In the dark days of the Great Depression they accepted a reduction of 4d. to 8d. a ton to help the coalowners. That reduction is still being made.

"Is that the way to get extra output?" they ask—and we pass it to you for answer.

Death to the Aged!

A letter smuggled out from Vienna reports that the Nazis' murder of mental defectives is being followed by the murder of old folk in almshouses.

One woman, informed that her mother had suddenly died, rushed round to the almshouse and found her quite well.

An attendant whispered, "The death notices were issued a day too soon."

That evening the old people were hurriedly removed by their relatives.

More—or Less

The writer adds that sabotage is growing in Austria—and so are the black markets conducted by leading Nazis.

Every fresh success of Hitler used to prompt the private comment: "Another country to be fed at our expense!"

Soon, we hope, the Austrians will be able to reverse the phrase.

Behind the News

- **All material in the "grandstands" erected in Germany, in anticipation of Hitler's triumphal entry into London last year, has now been dismantled.**

- *Hitler is trying a new line in France. Darlan and his quislings have been offered immense money rewards if they can crush the De Gaulle movement and swing opinion over to the Nazi new order idea.*

- The bait of the release of 500,000 young married French prisoners of war is also being dangled—but they will only be sent home when the quislings can prove their success.

- **Nazis have officially taken over Italian public services. Even Fascist Cabinet meetings are forbidden unless two Nazi Party men are present and approve of the agenda.**

- *Confusion following R.A.F. raids in Italy threatens to become chaos. More than 4,000,000 Italians have fled to the countryside. Naples has been cordoned off and visitors banned.*

- Nazis behind the Bank of France are raising every possible obstruction in U.S.A. courts—so far failing—to prevent the seizure of £20,000,000 French gold to recoup Poland for loss of that amount deposited with the Bank and stolen by Germany from Dakar.

- **Germans angrily blame Weygand for Axis shipping losses in the Mediterranean, accuse him of refusing shelter of French African territorial waters.**

- *Benghazi can now be used only by small vessels, while Tripoli is developing the reputation of a shipping graveyard.*

- So many Nazi Party members have been killed that after many years applications are once more being accepted. Berlin alone wants 150,000 new members.

- **Gauleiters of Hamburg and Kiel have been transferred to "other duties." Both towns have been so heavily blasted by the R.A.F. that they are no longer going industrial concerns from which the Nazi leaders can derive any profits.**

- *Devastation by "scorched earth" is so great that Nazis will have to work for at least a year to extract anything from the Ukraine.*

Without Fear or Favour — *By the Editor*

PEACE—WITH WHOM?

WE are glad the Prime Minister has made it clear that "We will never enter into negotiations with Hitler, *or with any Party in Germany which represents the Nazi régime.*"

JOHN BULL is certain that he has the country solidly behind him in this promise. Nevertheless, it raises questions which will have to be answered one day, and ought to be seriously studied immediately.

For we have no doubt that, when defeat stares them in the face, the militant leaders of Germany will disown Adolf Hitler and forswear the Swastika.

We have repeatedly warned readers against the subtle and dangerous suggestion that the German Generals are more to be trusted than the Nazi politicians.

Germany's present leaders cannot be divided into two groups, one giving orders and the other merely obeying them. They are all *guilty men.*

Nevertheless, the temptation to make this division is latent in some minds, and there are several small minorities in this country which would welcome a face-saving compromise with any body of men technically outside of the Nazi régime.

All of them put together form only a tiny percentage of the population, but their influence may be greater than their numbers, and it is, therefore, the more important to make up our minds that *this time* there shall be no negotiation with any faction in Germany except upon terms of unconditional surrender.

Fortunately—and we say this deliberately—Russia will play a major part in the day of victory as she is now playing a major part in the grim days of war.

Moreover, whether the United States becomes a technical combatant or not, the voice of America must also be heard on that day. Indeed, Churchill, Stalin and Roosevelt will have to reach agreement before any terms can be offered to anybody.

JOHN BULL is confident that we can trust these three men, individually and collectively, not to repeat the disastrous mistakes of 1918.

We feel certain that they will give the enemy no breathing space until he has been decisively beaten in the field, and that they will not even think of "peace" until Germany has been occupied by Allied troops.

BUT we believe that the early attainment of that goal still depends largely upon a collapse within Germany.

Our foreign propaganda is clearly directed to this end. The Navy's unspectacular but relentless blockade is designed to hamper not only Germany's military activities but also to wear down her morale.

We do not pretend for a moment that she will ever collapse until *she has sustained crushing defeats in action, and we look forward eagerly to the day when British troops can attack the enemy successfully on some great Second Front.*

But JOHN BULL is confident that *ultimately* e monstrous edifice of Nazi tyranny will crash m within and, when that happens, who will re be either competent or willing to "speak Germany"?

There may be nobody, for, when the Third ich cracks, it will crack with a vengeance We n foresee nothing but chaos within its frontiers, nd we doubt whether there will be found amid hat chaos any man or body of men willing to sign what *they* will inevitably regard as their country's death-warrant.

Our view is shared by some leading German exiles in this country; men who have more cause to hate the Nazi régime than we have ourselves; men who have risked their lives and liberty to fight it, and who are now working heart and soul in our cause.

They do not believe that, in the first agony of defeat, any of their countrymen—not even excepting such gallant independents as Pastor Niemœller and the Bishop of Munster—would be willing or able to form a government to carry out the terms of surrender.

Some of them would prefer Germany's guilty men to put their names personally to the act of final surrender.

The Allies, while firm in their determination never to *negotiate* peace terms with the Nazis or anyone associated with them, would, of course, accept their complete surrender.

That applies, let it be clear, to the representatives of the militarist caste of which the Nazis, after all, are but an offshoot.

No matter how plausibly they pretended to a change of heart, we should remember that their caste has plunged Europe into war five times within a century.

A fresh warning concerning them has just been made by the pro-Allied Count Sforza, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Italian Government. He declares:

"The greatest danger is the possibility of a fake revolution by the upper classes in order to cheat Europe."

ONE distinguished German exile—a former Minister—pleads for international control, represented by a British Governor in Berlin, for at least twenty years.

But first the new leaders must be found. They should be privately sought *now* by the Allies.

And, having been found, a new system of rule for the German people should be framed.

Unfortunately, the British Government apparently is content to leave matters until after the peace.

President Roosevelt is not so content. Nor are many other statesmen, experts and anti-Nazi exiles, who believe that postponement of the problem will only increase our difficulties when the Hitlerite tyrants are crushed or take to their heels.

JOHN BULL therefore urges the Government to set up some competent authority at once to decide the administration of the peace we intend to build upon the demolished site of German militarism.

It should act with Russia and the United States, and it should envisage the emergence in a beaten Germany of men of honour and understanding.

How Mr. and Mrs. O—"Obliged"

CALLING ALL CURS—II
By Gerald Kersh

THERE are creeping things under every stone. They live and thrive in the dark. You know how an accidental stroke of a spade may bring to light a whole furtive underworld of wriggling things. Similarly, an upheaval in the world of men often turns up some pretty horrible creatures who have lain unsuspected all their lives.

* * *

I am referring to Mr. and Mrs. O——

If the O—— family happened to be an isolated case, perhaps I shouldn't use up a column on them. But there are others like them in their own village—and in towns and villages all over the country.

They know perfectly well that the poor soldier, the uprooted man, the bird of passage, the warrior who tries to snatch his brief moment of happiness *en route* for God knows what destination—the poor soldier won't kick up a fuss. He'll shrug his shoulders and pay up, perhaps with a curse under his breath, and a few bitter words.

But what do the O——s care about that?

Mr. and Mrs. O—— lived like any other couple in their village, until the war came.

Then a big training camp sprang up half a mile away, and a kind of prosperity came down on the village.

The tradesmen did more business: the local pub livened up; a chip-bar sprouted as suddenly and waxed as fat as a mushroom.

I have nothing to say against that: it was fair trading.

But householders found themselves besieged by soldiers who wanted rooms. Warrant officers, N.C.O.s, camp staff: and a few married soldiers who, for the few weeks they were destined to spend at the camp, had got sleeping-out passes, and had sent for their wives, and sometimes their children.

The village had something of the aspect of a Boom Town in the old Wild West. Every place was full; the population was too big for the streets; it looked quite feverish.

Now many householders in the village and round about it dealt fairly with anybody who wanted a room. They made no bones about providing accommodation at reasonable rents.

But the O——s, who had lived there all their lives, and seemed to be people just like other people, appeared to go rotten overnight.

They must have been tainted with secret, dirty greed all the time, and the chance of profit brought the taint to the surface.

They went down into the cellar, and let the rest of the house in furnished rooms to soldiers who, anxious to make the most of this poor chance of domesticity, were ready to spend all they had in rent.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. O—— pay something like 15s. a week, inclusive, for their house.

They took to grinning at prospective tenants of their ill-furnished little rooms, and insolently demanding £1 a week . . . then 22s. 6d. . . . then 25s.

They knew that there was a shortage of accommodation. Take it or leave it.

Soldiers took it.

They are still taking it. Mr. O—— has a good job doing something connected with war-manufactures. They are making money.

You cannot keep on one level of vileness.

Seeing how easy it was to wring shillings out of tired soldiers, the O——s evolved a new system of extortion.

Rent was inclusive of use of kitchen. But soldiers' wives sometimes wanted to use a flat-iron. Mrs. O—— charged an extra 6d. a go for that.

Hot water for washing clothes? Certainly . . . another 6d.

She even had a cruet fee . . 6d. a week.

She managed to put pennies on everything.

She didn't mind babies; she simply charged extra for them.

* * *

She'd be glad to give you a cup of tea in the morning—just one cup; second cup obtainable *pro rata*—2s. 6d. a week.

It is not on record that she made an extra charge for calling anybody in the morning, but her manner was such that nobody asked her twice.

And, crowning irony, when asked if she lets rooms, she replies: "No, I don't *let*. But sometimes I *oblige*."

Profiteer in any hole or corner where the son of man may lay his head!

She tries to dust the slit-mouthed face of Avarice with the pale powder of Gentility.

And so the soldiers come and go, heavy-hearted, discouraged by the silt that the tide of war pushes up . . . and the O——s make capital, and nobody can do anything about them.

OPEN LETTERS

Councillor W. J. BARKER,
Balham

DEAR COUNCILLOR.—It's a good plan to make sure of your facts before speaking.

According to you, "a great number" of workers are letting Britain down. They are, it seems, an overpaid and shiftless lot who argue instead of working, so the managements have your sympathy.

Perhaps you'll next tell us who have turned out the vast loads of armaments by which we can carry on the fight. The managements alone? The War Office? Or the workers of Britain?—JOHN BULL.

Gen. Sir WALTER VENNING,
Quartermaster-General

DEAR GENERAL,—There are still thousands of our troops under canvas, even though winter is fast approaching.

Unnecessary hardship does not toughen a man; it is likely to do just the opposite.

What has happened to the living-huts promised more than a year ago?—JOHN BULL.

Air Marshal P. BABINGTON,
Air Member for Personnel

DEAR SIR,—Only the families of regular, peace time airmen are allowed privileges respecting medical attendance, hospital treatment, and so on.

Surely such irritating discrimination should cease?

Volunteers and conscripts, you know, were among those few who saved so many last year—and they form the bulk of the crews who are now pounding Hitler silly.—JOHN BULL.

HARDSHIP COMMITTEE,
Lauriston Place, Edinburgh

GENTLEMEN,—For five years a man has suffered from pulmonary tuberculosis. In that time he has spent thirty months in hospital—and had ribs removed.

But you deem him fit for fire-watching.

I regard your judgment as monstrous. JOHN BULL.

General de CAULLE,
C.-in-C., Free French Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—I fear your Gallic enthusiasm leads you to exaggerate.

You want us to build 100,000 'planes and 100,000 tanks to break the enemy's back. Believe me, less than half will suffice for that purpose.

You do not encourage us, merely depress us, by over-estimating the task on which we are engaged.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. CHRISTOPHER STONE,
The Gramophone Man

DEAR MR. STONE,—Your sentimental slush makes me squirm.

Nor am I the only one to be angered by your broadcast birthday wishes to the King of Italy and your gentle comment: "I don't think any of us wish him anything but good, poor soul."

It was that poor soul who made no protest when Mussolini murdered his subjects, impoverished them, and drove them into war.

It is that poor soul who is rightly held in contempt even in his own country.

I, for one, do not wish "good" to a little rabbit of a man who puts his own position before his country's honour.—JOHN BULL.

OFFICER COMMANDING,
Army Post Office

DEAR SIR,—Letters arrive regularly from a soldier in Nova Scotia. But though for months at least two letters a week have been sent him—and a cablegram—he has not received any of them.

Soldiers in the Far East pay through the nose to send letters home by air, for ordinary sea mail arrives much quicker.

Surely you could devise better advertisements for your Department?—JOHN BULL.

Sir WILSON JAMESON,
Chief Medical Officer for Education

DEAR SIR WILSON,—I hope you will defeat the proposal to reduce the number of school doctors and dentists.

Yes, I know they are wanted by the Army. But first call should be made on practitioners who have lost their work by reason of evacuation schemes.

And to economise on the health of schoolchildren would put the clock back thirty years.—JOHN BULL.

The COUNTY COUNCIL,
Middlesex

DEAR SIRS,—Walls of a canal bridge in your county are being ornamented by massive iron railings. No doubt the specifications were drawn up in peace time, but the iron should surely now be substituted by wood or concrete?

The tank factories need that metal.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. SIDNEY R. CAMPION,
Public Relations Officer, G.P.O.

DEAR SIR.—From humble beginnings you have carved out a successful career, and now to your two professions of journalism and law you have added a third—authorship.

Your autobiography, "Sunlight on the Foothills," may well prove a best-seller.

But while you have graphic tales to tell of the many celebrities you have known in your crowded and colourful life, you do not hesitate to express gratitude to Ramsay MacDonald, who helped you when you were penniless.

Not every successful man is big enough to acknowledge the hands that helped him. In your case, it would have been easy to keep silence, for your real success has been due to your own hard work and courage.

All honour to you for your candid tribute to a great man.—JOHN BULL.

General Sir A. WAVELL,
C.-in-C., India

DEAR GENERAL,—"I made a miscalculation in Libya. The enemy attacked at least a month before I expected it would be possible."

By being so frank you increase the very great respect that all Britain—from Cabinet to cabbies—feels for you. But it does you less than justice.

It does not mention the terrible dilemma in which you were placed. You had to release forces for service in Greece when you needed those forces to hold the North African province you had conquered.

Carry on, general—your men will follow you with undiminished loyalty, and the rest of us will await your next move with confidence.—JOHN BULL.

MANAGEMENT BOARD,
N.A.A.F.I.

GENTLEMEN,—An airman tells me that at a Somerset camp the N.A.A.F.I. canteen serves only tea and cake. No meals, no cigarettes, no beer, no stamps, no sweets, no envelopes, no matches.

Is this latest complaint against your ramshackle organisation true?—JOHN BULL.

General TOJO, Prime Minister, Japan

YOUR EXCELLENCY,—"Should the United States become involved in war with Japan, the British declaration would follow within the hour."

This forthright warning by our Prime Minister no doubt staggered a people skilled in Oriental ambiguity and diplomatic guile.

Yet it told but half the story.

Not merely will the two great democracies oppose force by force.

Not merely have they agreed to co-operate should your desperate warlords set the Pacific afire.

Their plans are ready in detail. Their navies, their armies, their air fleets, are ready for action *within the hour*.

Neither of our two countries wishes to extend the vast conflict already being waged. For long, indeed, they sought to appease your power-lusting friends.

But you give no sign of preserving a precarious peace.

Your ports shelter the foreign warships that prey upon our shipping. You rejoice at every setback we sustain.

Talking of your "heavenly mission" to complete the China "incident," you have said:

"We are confronted with the pressure of obstacles thrown in our way by hostile countries. Therefore, we must unite in an iron resolve to overcome all difficulties."

Dangerous language, general!

Remember this: Though you can move either in the north or south, you have not the power to strike in both places at once.

You could attack Britain and the U.S.A. only one by one.

But we could present a united front against you.

Remember, too, that you will risk a catastrophic end to your ambitions should you attack south-west China in order to cut the Burma Road to India.

We shall be watchful. You, we trust, will be cautious.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT By PALLAS

Knowledge is Not Enough

THE sum of human knowledge is small—so small that even those very terms in which we express the aims and issues of the war are difficult to define, especially by those who seek to define them in the limitations of their own lives.

We use words glibly—and few ponder the vital things for which those words stand.

There is the word State. We talk of the safety of the State, the duty of the State.

The State is something vague, something mysterious. It regulates our lives, safeguards our morals, imposes laws and, in times like these, rides roughshod—and rightly so—over individual liberties.

But what is the State? In Germany and Italy the State is an end to itself; its aim is the glorification of rulers and of parties.

That Elusive Happiness

Democracy says that the State is set up to bring to the people liberty, justice, order—all things that serve the common good, even happiness.

But can happiness come from a machine, for that is all that the State is?

Cineas trying to dissuade Pyrrhus from launching war against Rome, asked: "And when you have conquered the Romans, what then?"

"Then we'll master Sicily, and after that take Carthage, Greece and Macedon."

"And when you've subdued them all, what fruit will you expect from your victories?"

"Then," said the warrior, "we will sit down and enjoy ourselves."

"Sir," retorted Cineas, "may we not do that now? Have you not already a kingdom of your own? And he that cannot enjoy himself with one kingdom cannot with the whole world."

We Can Have Too Much

With kings and conquerors so it is with lesser men. All of us know, ever since the drastic lessons of childhood, that we can have too much of a good thing.

Too much to drink, too much to eat, too much land to look after, too much property to keep in order, too much money to worry about.

Knowledge does not help us to be content. And just as knowledge in itself is no guide to happiness, nor can it hope to solve equitably and with spiritual justice the problems that are already rising vaguely, portentously beyond the horizon of time.

Man, besides knowledge, has other attributes—moral, intellectual, spiritual. By developing those powers, and keeping always in mind the common good of the common people, mankind can tackle with hope and confidence the vast, complex problems which, sooner or later, it will be compelled to solve.

Knowledge, like patriotism, is not enough.

The solution of these problems must come from the heart of man; it must be based on the finer attributes, so that liberty becomes the true liberty to seek the highest good.

How We Took the Forts of Jarabub

★ JIM JARCHÉ, ace press photographer back from the Middle East, continues his story. You have read how thirst and sand-storm tortured him during his 4-days trek to the battle of Jarabub. This week Jarché (who snapped this Arab boy meeting a wounded Aussie in one of the captured forts) describes the battle to MAURICE FAGENCE.

LEAN Aussies spreadeagled on their tummies and peppering away at grim, grey fortifications only a few hundred yards distant.

That was my first impression of Jarabub, where generations of Arabs slept their lives away until Mussolini decided to send "civilisation" to Africa.

The battle proper had not begun when we arrived.

We handed our wounded Anzac over to safe keeping. Not until my arm was paralysed with the exertion of maintaining pressure on the burst artery in his cheek did the bleeding die down.

And we handed over our precious water, saved by the genius of a man who set twenty of us chewing gum like madmen to repair the holes made by armour-piercing bullets.

The Anzacs were going "over the top" the next morning.

There were going to be no half-larks. They had to take the five forts of Jarabub by storm—the quicker the better.

I looked towards those forts. They were miniature Gibraltars. They were packed with Italian troops.

No one knew the full weight of their armaments—or exactly how many men they contained.

Sacred Tomb

There was a sixth fortress-like place. It was the tomb of Senussi, father of the famous Senussi tribe. But no guns pointed at that.

Both sides had agreed to treat it as sacred. Twelve Senussi watch-dogs cowered in it throughout the battle, frightened but unscathed.

I was watching next morning when the battle began.

As far as the eye could see, Anzacs were rising from the sand and advancing on the impregnable-looking forts.

I was not looking at the business side of their taut figures, but they seemed frighteningly determined to me.

They advanced so steadily, so unfalteringly. Heaven knows what they looked like to the Italians on whom they were moving like an inexorable tide.

For a time the Italians poured out every kind of ammunition in a frenzy.

Then, when they realised that nothing they could do would stop those Anzacs, something in them broke.

They came rushing out of their forts in five separate floods, hands held high as if in token of surrender.

They babbled in frenzy. But few of us knew Italian, and not until the battle was over did we know that they were shouting: "This war no good. Stop this war!"

But shouts went up from the Anzacs—for the nearest among them were quick to see that in almost every Italian's right hand was a hand-grenade!

Horrible Scene

It might have been their intention suddenly to start using them when near enough, thus wiping out the considerably smaller British forces.

Or perhaps they had been issued with them as a last-minute means of holding the forts—and had forgotten to discard them when that sweep of wild panic led them to surrender.

We shall never know.

What we *do* know is that, the Australian cries to throw them away having gone unheeded, a horrible scene resulted.

Several of our machine-guns opened fire on those of the enemy in a position to begin a mass-murder of our troops.

Caught in savage arcs of fire, they fell. Falling, they dropped their grenades, which killed more Italians round them. They, in turn, dropped their grenades to add to the slaughter.

Our machine-guns had become silent in a matter of seconds. But this terrible slaughter of the living by the dead went on for some considerable time.

Within two hours of the first Anzacs rising like wraiths from the sands of the desert, the five forts—forts which might have held out for weeks in the hands of a more determined enemy—were ours.

My personal belief is that the battle of Jarabub was won when the Italians saw Anzac cold steel closing on them. Crazed with fear, they sought bloodless surrender. But men demented can forget grenades that have just been forced into their trembling hands.

I spoke to one Italian officer. I said to him: "If you wanted to give yourself up, how silly to come out with bombs all ready for throwing!"

He made a gesture—the sort of gesture which says: "We didn't know what we were doing." Then he handed me his revolver, saying:

"You want it. You want da revolver. You have it. I am outa da blooda war."

Thousands of Italian prisoners lined up—began a shambling trek to their chicken-run three miles away.

They didn't want a lot of supervision on the way.

They were making frantic signals to our motor-vehicles as they passed them—just the signal a British Tommy makes in England when he wants you to give him a lift along a country road.

Unwilling Soldiers

They hate war. They hate walking. They hate discomfort. It was the view of several Anzac officers to whom I spoke that a lack of water in the five forts had contributed to their defeat.

There is no Tobruk spirit in their make-up.

Their hands are beautifully manicured. It is torture to them to get one corn on their palms or impair the beauty of those hands. Even when you put them into a prison compound, their first aim is to decorate it with sand-sculptures—next to make some pretence at luxury-living.

Their place is an opera house, an art gallery. It is Benito Mussolini who drove them to this.

Three hundred of the men we took that day told our officers that they would be willing to take part in any British invasion of Italy when there was a real chance of overthrowing Fascism. They promised they would fight better then.

A pretence? Well, the Anzac troops who looked into their eyes as they said it believe they spoke honestly.

We took the thousands of prisoners to their compound. Then we went back to bury the dead.

Anzac soldiers were digging three long trenches in the sand for a mass-burial of the Italians. Later, I gather, they would be exhumed and buried separately.

I saw an Italian captain there, crying heart-brokenly and breaking down completely every time he saw among the dead a face he recognised.

He had persuaded the Anzacs to let him stay behind to make sure—although our troops were doing their best to establish identification of every Italian—that not one of the lads who served with him should go to a nameless grave.

These are the little decencies of that horrible business called war.

I took part in a touching little burial service for eighteen dead Anzac boys. And then I went to Roll Call.

A Tragic Ceremony

Roll Call has ever been one of the most tragic features of battle.

You see men line up not so much to satisfy Authority that they themselves still live—but to find out, tuning their ears desperately, what has happened to their own pals.

Slowly the names are called. Perhaps the reply comes: "Present!" You can pick out that man's best friend by the look of joy that leaps into his face.

But sometimes there is no reply. The name is repeated—and still there is no answering voice.

You are looking at one man. He is staring straight ahead—a soldier on parade. But a twitching face tells you what he is feeling behind that mask he must wear as a soldier.

For he is that man's pal.

The Roll Call began. Anzacs with leg wounds and arm wounds were lined up to answer "Present!" to their names.

But before most of them had a chance, shadows came skimming over the sand.

Five Heinkels appeared, flying low. The order to disperse was given. Within two seconds those Aussies had disappeared.

Where were they?

..It may sound unbelievable to you, but an Australian or New Zealand soldier has the extraordinary ability of completely burying himself in the desert with two windmill motions of those long arms of his.

He crouches, then brings his hands under his knees with a scooping motion. That one lightning act makes a saucer-like depression into which his entire body from the shoulders down disappears.

Then his arms perform a backward sweep. That brings another lot of sand over his head.

You may see fingers protrude, boring a breathing hole for some hidden Aussie—and looking very much like sparrows pecking in the desert in the hope of finding a grain of corn.

As those five Heinkel pilots saw it—those Anzac troops just melted into thin air.

The Wrong Target

But, as it happened, it wouldn't have made much difference if they hadn't.

The Heinkels had taken us for Italians. They had set out on their bombing mission before the Anzacs had gone over the top to storm the five forts.

So they dropped their eighteen heavy bombs where the Anzac positions had been the day before.

Then they flew off—no doubt to report on the "devastation" they had caused, and to be laughed at as fools by colleagues who had learned that the British troops were no longer there.

Long before I had made my own hole in the sand (working with the energy of seven navvies and making little progress) the Anzacs reappeared as if through trapdoors, and the Roll Call was resumed.

"Present!" "Present!" Then, silence.

I moved away on the first stage of my journey back to Cairo, to receive an invitation from Admiral Cunningham to visit his flagship.

Next Week: *Jarché Spots the Spies.*

Human Machine

JUST A HABIT

● When people speak of "habits" they nearly always mean bad habits.

Yet, as we are all bundles of habits, we must own many good ones as well as some bad ones.

There are habits of industry. There are habits of attention, of concentration, of carefulness, and of truthfulness.

If you can form a habit of loose thinking you can equally form one of close reasoning.

If you can be prone to intrigue, you can learn to be prone to loyalty.

If, in fact, there is a vice for every virtue, it is equally true to say that there is a virtue for every vice.

Why don't we make more frequent efforts to exchange our bad habits for their opposite good ones? Is it because we're just too lazy to try?

It's up to you to do it. No one can do it for you. Someone else can point the way. It's you who have to walk it!

DEFEAT FOR HITLER . .

A. G. GARDINER *sounds the warning that it must be driven home while the German war machine is bogged in the snows of Russia*

GREAT events, like great mountains, can only be measured from afar. We cannot yet appreciate the immensity of the happenings in Russia. We are too near them to grasp their massive significance.

It was so in the case of the Battle of Britain. The spectacular thrill of that victory was felt at the time, but its profound meaning is only realised in the light of the vast transformation of the scene that has taken place in the interval.

It stopped the rot. It changed the character of the war. It knocked Hitler's original programme to bits.

It gave us time—time to pull ourselves together, time to arm, time to mobilise the forces of democracy, time to win friends.

And so with Russia. In spite of his achievements, Hitler has sustained there a defeat of the first magnitude.

A sudden spring and all was to be over. The Russian army would be overwhelmed, the Government would fall, and by August Hitler would launch his terms of peace from the Red Square of Moscow and swing his triumphant engine of war to the West for the final grapple with the only remaining foe.

Meanwhile, Japan would strike us in the Far East and the Battle of the Atlantic would starve us of our resources.

★ ★ ★

Instead, Russia is still magnificently unconquered. Millions of Hitler's men are slain or out of action. The plains of Russia are strewn with the wreckage of his war machine.

He has poured out his precious oil like water and has got no drop of Russian oil in return.

Meanwhile his power-house is being shattered behind him. His enemy in the West grows daily more formidable. Mr. Churchill tells us that we have already overtaken him in the air.

His ridiculous jackal has become a mere Aunt Sally for British ships and British bombers. The Battle of the Atlantic is being won—but not by Hitler.

★ ★ ★

AMERICA'S shadow grows darker over Germany. Her ships are hunting Hitler's pirates in the Atlantic.

Her factories are building, building, building for his destruction. And in the Far East Master Jap still hesitates.

But the most tremendous fact of all is this: Hitler is in Russia for the winter. He can neither get on nor get out.

His army is snowed up in a "scorched earth" land, unprepared for a Russian winter, hundreds of miles from its sources of supply, confronted by an undefeated and resolute enemy which is fighting on its own soil, for its own people, and for the things it loves.

Is not this what I have called a defeat of the first magnitude? I think it is. But it is a defeat that has to be consummated. It is a defeat that has to be driven home.

AND IT HAS TO BE DRIVEN HOME IN THESE FATEFUL MONTHS OF WINTER WHILE HITLER'S WAR MACHINE IS BOGGED IN THE SNOWS OF RUSSIA.

How it is to be done must be left to those who have our fate and the fate of civilisation in their hands. I think they can be trusted.

The men—or shall I say the man?—who snatched our cause out of the jaws of death when France collapsed have claims on our confidence.

They have done great things. Consider the security of the Suez to-day compared with its touch-and-go position a year ago.

WHY, IN THOSE DAYS I REMEMBER MEN—SERIOUS MEN; NOT DEFEATISTS—DISCUSSING THE SEALING UP OF THE CANAL AND THE ABANDONMENT OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Think of the Abyssinian triumph and all it means in Africa. Think of the smashing of Italy and our position in the Mediterranean to-day.

Think of Syria, Irak and Persia, and the mighty wall of defence we have built up against the barbarian march to India and the Suez.

And don't forget the wise statesmanship that has gone to the handling of the delicate American situation and the difficult situation in France, with the people for us and the Government against.

★ ★ ★

BUT if we must leave the strategy to those who alone can know, there are certain broad considerations that may be set down.

The first is this: Hitler is locked in the embraces of the bear. He must not escape. In a word, our job is to keep him tied up in Russia "for the duration."

This means that every nerve must be strained and every legitimate risk taken to establish a common front with Russia this winter.

We must win the race with Hitler to the Caucasus. If we can get there first effectively with every man, gun, tank, 'plane that we can collect, we can do four things.

We can keep organic connection with the Russian front. We can deny Hitler access to the thing he is chiefly after and the want of which will, ultimately, bring his machine to a standstill—oil.

We can keep open the best supply route to the Russian army. We can forestall Hitler's Spring offensive in the most vital theatre.

What next? Open up a second front? Give Hitler what he most fears—a war on two fronts?

It is legitimate here to say that that is what we most wanted when the war broke out, and that it was not our fault that we failed to get it. Russia decided to wait.

But we must deal with the facts as they are now. In a real sense, of course, we are putting up a second front. We are blockading the enemy.

By day and night we are destroying his war potential, sinking his ships, smashing his transport, blowing up his munition works, spreading panic among his people, burning his fuel.

But there is not one of us who does not hope for more. A landing on the west coast of Europe is, on the face of it, too wild a gamble to risk. But Hitler's Europe has an Achilles heel. It is Italy.

That unhappy country, betrayed into the hands of its ancient enemy by the criminal Mussolini, has become a running sore on Hitler's system.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

IS OUR PROPAGANDA IMPROVING?

● In small ways, Duff Cooper and then Brendan Bracken made it a bit easier for British and neutral journalists to get news previously held up by hush-hush Brass-Hats.

But in all essentials our propaganda is as stupid and weak as ever.

The Foreign Office is so afraid of criticism of the leaflets it prepares for the R.A.F. to drop on occupied countries that it prevents the British public from being told what words they contain!

The way in which war correspondents, even now, are hampered in their attempts to see things is incredible.

ARE M.P.s ACTIVE ENOUGH?

● Early in the war one might have said that Parliament was at its best. Since then it has gradually lost prestige, chiefly because of its acquiescence with even the weaknesses of Government policy.

Intelligent and forthright criticism has generally been left to a handful of Members.

Parliament gets worn out after a time. Its Members need the stimulus of an election.

Yet you cannot have one.

The electoral register is two years old and cannot be brought up to date at a time when millions of people have left their homes.

CAN WE SPEED UP AMERICA?

● "Why doesn't one of your statesmen tell America frankly she should enter the war? We are not children."

These blunt words were used to me the other night by an American diplomat.

Now he knew, as I did, that Winston's own view has changed in the last few months—that America's declaration of war, even if she did not fight, would have a tremendous moral effect on Europe.

Yet I told him that, in my view, any such speech would make Americans very naturally say: "We are not going to be ordered about by the English!"

I added that obviously Washington and London were working hand in hand.

Yet, in this diplomat's view, Roosevelt, who formerly was in front of American opinion, now seems to be lagging behind it.

He was not critical of the President in any way. He was expressing what millions of Americans think—that they should have declared war weeks ago.

WHY NOT COMB OUT SLACKERS?

● More and more, age groups are being raised.

Each time you raise the age of men called up, you conscript men with larger families, more responsibilities.

Yet there has not been what we had early in the last war—a loud scream for the combing out from civilian employment of young men in safe hide-out jobs in which they were immune.

It is true that gradually reserved occupations have been made smaller in number, and that the age of reservation has been lowered.

But there still remain countless thousands of young men—in the Civil Service, in the B.B.C., and in "managers' jobs" created for them, and for which they are entirely unsuited.

And this, more than any other, is a war in which young men are needed!

. . BUT

Battered Tobruk, every nook of its ruins defended, will play a big part in the leap forward that will finish off Italy

HE MUST KEEP HIS HOLD ON LYBIA OR ALL HIS DESIGNS IN AFRICA WILL BE IMPERILLED.

A BOLD STROKE HERE WOULD BE THE BEST SERVICE, NEXT TO DIRECT HELP, THAT WE COULD DO FOR OUR RUSSIAN ALLIES.

★ ★ ★

THERE remains the home front. In contrast with the last war, it has been our good fortune in this to be a united nation

No political plots behind the scenes. No rival camps. No strikes. No labour troubles. No party intrigues.

Instead, a nation marching as one man, with a single mind and a single will, inspired by a leadership we all trust.

WE MUST KEEP THAT UNITY OF MIND AND WILL. IT IS OUR MOST MIGHTY WEAPON. UNITED WE ARE INVINCIBLE.

There are criticisms of the Government and it is right that there should be. But they should be constructive, helpful, responsible, not nagging, carping and disintegrating.

Mr. Churchill formed his Government with the resolve to obliterate party for the war and to give Labour a commanding power and responsibility.

Of the wisdom of that policy there can be no question. Of course, there are flaws. There are "passengers" and misfits, blots in administration, appalling waste, failures in production. There should be a tighter rein in the departments, more delegation of power from above, more speeding up everywhere.

But, taken in the large, the spirit and achievement of the home front is magnificent. Let us all inspire it to fresh effort in this fateful winter.

For if the defeat of Hitler in Russia is to be driven home it is the work done in our mines, foundries, shipyards and factories that will forge the bolt that will destroy him.

★ Their ship was torpedoed. They rowed, and scrambled, were caught and imprisoned, escaped and hacked a path to freedom—and

Now They Want to Fight Again!

By Commodore G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS

THE ship was moving down the west coast of Africa, near the Equator.

Out of the far blue of the heavens a spot like a mosquito appeared, humming distantly.

It passed overhead, very high, turned slowly round in a big circle, and returned the way it had come.

With a bitter curse below his breath, the skipper of the merchantman altered course. For not very far away to port was a place that seamen hate like a plague-spot—the French port of Dakar.

Dakar, whence unknown aircraft fly out seawards, and then return; and each such flight is followed, as the night the day, by a U-boat attack.

Suddenly there was a tiny flash, as if someone had struck a match, low on the water ahead.

Shelled and Sunk

Then another shell and another and another, very fast, striking the vessel, blowing away part of the bridge, tearing up a huge hole in the main deck, breaking in her plates and smashing a cabin window.

The skipper rang "Full Speed astern," and gave the order to lower away the boats. Already the ship was heeling dangerously over.

The shelling stopped abruptly. Ahead, the U-boat could be seen, little and low on the sea.

The boats were got away swiftly, efficiently.

When they had drawn off half a mile from the ship the sinking vessel, blazing violently amidships, seemed to leap into the air and vanish utterly. A torpedo had struck her.

All the rest of that day they rowed. And through the night. And the next day. And the next night.

They had no tropical kit. Some were in shirts and trousers only. Hardly any had headgear.

The sun blazed down; men do not go out in these latitudes without pith helmets.

Thirsty, blistered, some of them sick, they sighted land on the third day.

Land! It was a mangrove swamp, so low and waterlogged that they were rowing among stunted bushes before they knew they had reached the West African coast.

Eating Them Alive

Enormous clouds of virulent plague - bearing mosquitoes thrummed and pinged around them, eating them alive.

The heat was choking. Alligators plopped and clucked in the muddy water.

Next day the survivors worked inland to a luxuriant forest of colossal palms, matted vines and flowering creepers, on which monkeys hung and screeched.

They found some negroes, who jabbered at them and herded them into grass huts.

When the sailors wanted to move on the negroes began to handle spears and clubs.

Two days later a motor-driven schooner appeared in the river on which the village lay. Frenchmen were in it, and they ordered the British sailors aboard. Crammed in the little ship, they were taken to Boffa, and then on to Konakry.

Native soldiers with fixed bayonets herded them off the schooner and on to a train. This took them for some miles.

Then they were bundled out into a sort of prison building surrounded with barbed wire.

French negro soldiers hustled them, shouted insults, yelled orders, and waited grinning, fingers on triggers, avid to shoot if the white men did not "jump to it."

Next morning, after a night frightfully herded together in ghastly heat, the French Chief of Police came to see them.

He shouted, bullied, threatened. He tried to get information from the British sailors, and was met with contemptuous silence and sneering, out-thrust lower lips.

After a week in that filthy prison the Britishers were suddenly put on a train. After six hours' travelling like cattle they reached Kindia.

There, fifty-four men were thrust into a hut that measured 20 ft. by 75 ft. It had a mud floor, piles of rotten sacks for beds, and stank of disease and foulness.

The Black Hole of Calcutta was little worse.

Quinine was denied them, though one man died of malaria.

The food stank. Sanitation was non-existent. The place was solid with flies.

A Few Home Truths

One day they had another visitor.

He began to explain that he had come for "a little information"—the same sort of information refused to the Chief of Police.

One of the prisoners came forward, a Britisher named Flett. He spoke French, not too well. But he knew what he meant to say.

He told that Frenchman what they had been through. He spoke of France, lying prostrate under the German jackboot, of the *Grande Armée* shamed and dispersed, of French prisoners still in German prisons used as pawns by Hitler to force the Tricolour further into the mud.

He asked whether the Frenchman liked the Bosches so much as all that.

The Frenchman replied with an unprintable word.

He walked agitatedly up and down. Then he turned and said abruptly that conditions should be changed. That the white men should be moved to proper quarters.

Two nights later a chance occurred to escape.

Whether someone had dropped a hint, or whether it was sheer chance, no one knew.

But British seamen don't wait for opportunity to knock twice.

A whispering figure went from couch to couch.

Under the tropic moon, slipping from patch to patch of black shadow, thirty-three men — all those who were strong enough to try the venture—ran out of the prison and into the near-by jungle.

All through the sweltering night, with strange birds screeching, and the shuddering roars of great jungle beasts around them, they panted and sweated and scrambled through the tripping creepers, across muddy rivers that smelled of crushed marigolds, into and out of clucking swamps.

They were bearing south by dead reckoning for the Sierra Leone frontier.

When the splendid African dawn went blazing up the sky they were within five miles of it. Five miles from freedom!

But they had reached a slow, swirling river. Three hundred feet across at its narrowest point that they could see. Swim? Not in tropical Africa!

"Won" Some Canoes

The sluggish ripples here and there showed the snouts of questing crocodiles.

In the evening they saw some natives paddle over from the far side of the river, tie up their canoes, and tramp into the bush.

The sailors in their torn clothes made a rush, tumbled into the canoes, and paddled feverishly over the river.

Next morning, in the dawn, they picked their way through the creeper-twined jungle, avoiding every hut and every track and path. They reached the frontier of Sierra Leone, clambered through the barbed wire, and stepped on to British soil.

These sailors, "navigating" the jungle, had to walk a further seventy miles, in tropic heat, with clothes in tatters, boots worn out, bearded, getting raw, horrible food from natives, drinking stagnant and stinking water.

One morning an incredible procession of nightmare figures, blistered, limping, with a few dirty rags on their bodies, shuffled into Kamakwei. A white trader there made them rest.

Next day a military ambulance, driven by prim uniformed British Colonial troops, arrived and drove them to Port Lokko.

Back to the Sea

They were interviewed in Freetown. One of them said:

"We're all right again, barring a bit of malaria. We're very anxious to push on and get back to sea again."

Get back to sea again!

And, as I write this, they are back in ships once more, riding the oceans, defying all the wolf packs of U-boats that Hitler can ever build.

They are the sort who would sail out of hell to finish their job of showing the German corporal that his silly "Verboten" will never run across the Seven Seas

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Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

TRUTH ABOUT GAMING DENS

EVERY night, helped by the black-out, there are at least fifty gambling parties in the Greater London area.

Profits at each average between £500 and £3,000 a night.

These profits represent a 5 per cent. deduction from every coup, so you can work out for yourself how many hundreds of thousands of pounds are being gambled nightly in the worst gambling orgy we have known since the Napoleonic Wars.

At many tables the minimum stake is £25. At one at least it is £50.

With the highest salary earners paying income tax at 19s. 6d. in the pound, it is reasonable to wonder whether the people who can burn money so readily are doing a fair deal with the revenue authorities.

Now there is no need for us to shed tears because fools are easily parted from their money, especially money of dubious origin.

We needn't concern ourselves with the ethics of gambling.

Nor must we imagine that the promoters send out ravishing blondes to tempt human pigeons in for a plucking.

One or two may—but the majority are not fools.

Substitute for Racing

They are cute business people who realise that, with racing practically non-existent, people are going to gamble somewhere.

To tempt young officers in and proceed to rob them (the popular conception of what happens) would soon end a very lucrative enterprise.

Many of the promoters, indeed, give a share of their profits to the Spitfire Fund and other such appeals.

No, the sinister aspect of this orgy is something different.

Fifty per cent. of the thousand-odd people staffing these enterprises are of military or A.T.S. age.

Thirty per cent. of the scores of thousands of wealthy idlers who frequent these haunts should be wearing uniform.

You go when you receive a "Mr. So-and-so invites you to a Party" card.

You are met by a car. Some hundreds of cars a night are used to provide these places with patrons. Big quantities of petrol are burnt up.

You are driven through the black-out to an unknown destination.

Hide and Seek

Rarely is a particular house or flat used more than once in six weeks. The police have to be deceived somehow.

Quite well-known caterers take staffs along. That is a wicked waste of the nation's man- and woman-power.

And of national resources. Butter, eggs, chicken and other foods are consumed in plenty.

Promoters are hurt because the police are determined to wipe out these dens. "We run them respectably," they say.

They have seen the appointment by Scotland Yard of a special squad to deal with them—with many of our best detectives included in it.

Police determination is such that many of the parties (they open as early as 4.30 p.m.) keep in touch with each other by telephone to beat the detectives.

Pursuit of the promoters of London's war-time gambling orgies is growing hot—thanks to Sir Philip Game, Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis

One or two of them, knowing that police action might be expected, have told their guests: "No gambling tonight"—and turned their gambling dens for one evening only into a social dance-and-sing-song.

By harassing tactics the police have already driven one of the biggest promoters out of the business.

But they are out to do more than that.

They are out to get the offenders punished with the utmost rigour of the law. Habitués will not escape.

Such orgies are a betrayal of the people who are fighting and working and sacrificing to win this war.

Round Up the Wasters

QUITE a lot of people don't seem to have heard of the great "Save Your Waste" campaign.

And most of them are the very officials who should be leading the campaign!

Plainly, it's not much use putting out your waste paper unless the local authority is willing to collect it.

They Won't Collect It

I am receiving indignant complaints that some local councils are not doing all they might to help Lord Beaverbrook get those 100,000 tons that he needs in a hurry.

A Devon reader tells me that her salvage—paper, bone, metal and so on—has not been collected since last December.

She used to make a four-mile walk to hand it over to a schoolmaster. But she can't carry loads of paper all that way!

An Essex man has two hundredweight of old novels awaiting the belated attention of his local authority.

When Lord Beaverbrook made his appeal weeks ago, an Alperton man made up a sackful of paper and card. It's still stacked outside his door.

That is just too bad. But I think it will also be bad for the councils concerned, because JOHN BULL is reporting the facts to the Ministry of Supply.

There are other flaws in the salvage scheme.

At a Canadian camp in Britain, for instance, old newspapers are carefully gathered into sacks once a week, taken to a field—*and burned*.

Nearly a year ago, a reader wrote to us about waste on ships. As a result, a salvage scheme was worked out with the full agreement of shipping companies

Dumped Overboard!

But now for the miserable anti-climax.

That same reader tells us that his 6,000-ton ship arrived in port the other day with four months' salvage. No arrangements had been made to collect it.

So the whole lot had to be dumped overboard!

I am infuriated, too, by the masses of unnecessary forms still being sent out from Government Departments—despite Ministers' appeals for economy.

The Ministry of Supply should *enforce* economy in Whitehall.

It is up to the Ministry to see that the public is properly encouraged.

And it is up to you—if you have any difficulty in disposing of your salvage—to write to JOHN BULL about it.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. M. G. Lardeur, Larkhall Rise, Clapham, London, S.W.4, receives this week's £1 1s. award. He sent me information about Black Market ruses.

Mark your envelopes "Public Benefactor," and send me any facts you consider suitable for inquiry or comment.

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES!

MOST people will remember Bernard Dillon, famous jockey, who started life as a stable lad and had made £50,000 before he was twenty-five.

Most publicised of the husbands of Marie Lloyd, the famous comedienne, he won the Derby on Lemberg in 1910, the Thousand Guineas in 1906 and 1909, the Grand Prix de Paris and many other noted races.

With only a few shillings in his pocket he died, early this year, in a London Hospital, from the effects of a "tired heart."

★ ★ ★

When we are in the midst of war memory is apt to play scurvy tricks upon some of us, and many people who might even have read newspaper accounts of his death at the time may have since forgotten his passing.

I was reminded of it, however, when my advice was recently sought by a reader who had received a circular, from "Head Office: 78, Osborne Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne," headed "Bernard Dillon, the Famous Ex-Jockey."

Rarely have I seen a more impudent document.

Reproduced on it are drawings of Dillon himself, Lemberg, his Derby winner, and Mr. Fairie, the horse's owner. Under the pictures are a list of Dillon's chief racing successes worded as though the whole document had been got up by the famous jockey himself!

★ ★ ★

"I am in the position to give you the very finest of inspired information," it runs, and adds that for obvious reasons he cannot advertise through the Press, as "I simply dare not advertise my information from certain sources."

One handwritten letter, posted on October 24 last, is actually signed "B. Dillon."

What more barefaced effrontery could one imagine?

Japs Have Odd Notions of 'Protection'

THE Japs were once called "the Prussians of the Far East"—and seemed rather proud of it.

They are certainly living up to that reputation now.

"The Prussians of the Far East" are more cunning, more subtle than their prototypes in Europe. And the ordeal of the Chinese people shows that they are no whit less cruel.

Take Indo-China, for instance, where they have come as "protectors" with the permission of the Vichy Government, extorted from the wretched Pétain by Hitler?

Events in Indo-China since the Japs were allowed to land in Saigon last summer have never been revealed.

Vichy's Governor-General, Admiral Decoux, forbade news to leak out and Frenchmen to get out of what was once the most prosperous and important of all French Colonies.

Bullying the Natives

But one important witness has at last escaped.

He told the full story when he reached Syria to enlist with General Catroux' Free French forces:

"Immediately after the Japanese forces landed," he says, "all French Government offices and main hotels were requisitioned by the new masters.

"The Japs began to bully the Indo-Chinese natives, who were forbidden to use footpaths when a Jap is in sight.

"Japs are ordering rickshaw drivers to carry them for short or long trips free of charge.

"In the first days, one rickshaw-man dared to ask for his fee. The answer was a sword-stroke which cut his wrist.

"A local policeman tried to intervene.

"Since then, the police have been forbidden to intervene in any quarrel between Japs and Indo-Chinese. This with the approval of the French Governor.

"French officers and soldiers must salute not only Japanese officers and soldiers of superior rank, but even of equal rank.

"Admiral Decoux was compelled to sign a decree to that effect.

"One day, one of his main assistants, Admiral Berenger, called at the Majestic Hotel in Saigon, the Japanese headquarters, for a service conference with his yellow colleagues.

"The sentry saw the French Admiral arrive in full uniform—and chose to ignore him.

"But, two seconds later an ordinary Japanese sergeant entered the hotel. The sentry jumped to attention and stiffly presented arms.

Frenchwomen Insulted

"On two occasions within the first weeks, Frenchwomen—one was the wife of a Civil Servant, the other of a business man—were slapped on the face in Saigon's streets in daylight by Japanese officers who found their looks 'discourteous.'

"The Government of Indo-China was compelled to sign a trade agreement under which rice and rubber were to be exported to Japan in exchange for manufactured products.

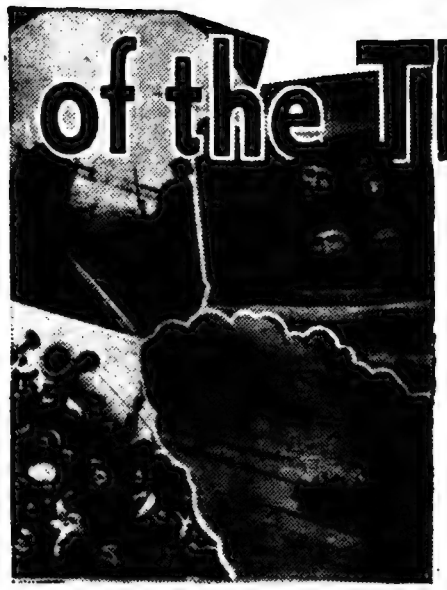
"Now Indo-China is being flooded with Japanese dolls, toys, and ping-pong balls, and the French authorities are compelled to accept them as payment for the rice and rubber."

The Japanese came to Indo-China under the pretext of "protecting" it against an Anglo-American "menace."

How would they have behaved if they had come openly as enemies. . . .?

VICTOR SCHIFF.

VOICE of the TROOPS



★ *If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Services letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

NAVAL recruits at a port "somewhere in England" had just been paid.

They filed into their canteen for a bit of fun and a sing-song—and a drink, of course.

What happened is described in a letter to Mrs. H. Gill, Osmondthorpe Lane, Leeds, 9, from her son Ronald, in training to be an electrical artificer:

A submarine rating named Andrew gave us a song and then stood on a chair and made it plain he wanted no applause. He had something to say—and dead silence followed.

He said: "You all know Charlie"—and we all do. He has been in the Navy forty years. "And you all know Charlie's pal. Tubby"—another old-timer.

"Well, when men were wanted to find out the secrets of Hitler's new magnetic mines, Tubby was one of the men who risked his life to find out. We lost a lot of fine men, but Tubby was lucky enough to escape.

"Then the new acoustic mine came along. We had to find out about that, too, and Tubby was willing to help again.

"Now they've swept Tubby up, too." A rough way of speaking, mum, but that's how they speak in the Navy. You had to look at the speaker's face to know how much it came from the heart.

He went on: "I'd like to sing Tubby's favourite song."

He did sing it. And there was poor Charlie in tears—and there was nobody in the room who was very far off.

Well, that's the Navy. You can't beat their spirit. I've groused and moaned like the rest, but that night I knew that I wouldn't change places with anybody for a king's ransom.—Ron.

★ ★ ★

GOOD FOR ACROBATS!

A fine letter that. Yet we know by analysis of the letters we receive that our lads in uniform (or is it their relatives?) seem to think we won't be interested in what happens to them when they are on service at home.

They're wrong, of course. Learn from Guardsman Shuttlewood (writing to his mother at 95, Ockelford Avenue, Chelmsford) what happened when the Queen Mother visited his unit:

Our battalion carpenters hit on an idea. They made a most elaborate ladder, and painted it so that the different rungs made up the colours of the Union Jack.

Then they propped it steeply up against one of our Valentine tanks, so that the Queen could climb to the top of it and descend inside it if she wanted.

But you need a little agility for such a feat. Queen Mary obviously couldn't try. But the work of our lads isn't being wasted. That ladder is going to be raffled in a good cause as a souvenir of the Royal visit.—Arthur.

★ ★ ★

BABIES FOR A BOB

From the hinterland of British West Africa comes this letter from Aircraftman Denning to his aunt, Mrs. Hershman, at St. Paul's Avenue, N.W.2.

Heat, insects—and mosquitoes. We have to spend a lot of our time making quite sure no puddles of water are allowed to collect, and so become breeding-grounds of the mosquito pest.

For the same reason we have to search the thick growth for tins thrown down by boneheads.

By the way, some of our chaps were offered a baby girl in a native market the other day. She was two years of age. She was openly offered to all comers at a shilling!—Stanhope.

★ ★ ★

GARDEN OF EDEN

But women have an eye for the more beautiful things abroad—as example, Nurse Edgar (T.A.N.S., E/345) writing to her sister at Wheatley Hill, Co. Durham, from the Middle East:

All I can feel under my tootsies is sand, but look around! The bushes which encircle us are covered with little white blobs of cotton.

The commonest flowers are roses, which are plentiful and cheap, and bright-coloured zinnias. Dahlias are abundant, and jasmin is almost a weed here.

Down by the valley are beds of bull-rushes, and you remember how Moses was found by Pharaoh's daughter.—Beatrice

★ ★ ★

EE, LAD!

And now one of those astounding coincidences that war often brings. Corporal Cook (192,594) writes to his father at St. Helen's Road, Eccleston, near Prescot, Lancs.:

It was 6.30 p.m., and I was in a hut when I heard my name called out most distinctly from the desert outside.

Going out and finding nobody there, I began to think I was going potty.

Later I heard the same voice again. I rushed to the door to find—two Italians coming towards us!

They came in with their hands up, and had hardly been prisoners a minute when one of them astonished us by replying to questions in a pure Lancashire dialect.

But the real surprise was to come. Pongo, my pal, came in, took one look at the prisoners, and rushed up to the Lancashire-speaking Italian with the words:

"What the hell are you doing here?"

They had been workmates together for the best part of 1937. In 1938 the Italian went to Italy on holiday—and was not allowed to leave.

But the voice? It was Pongo's. He was always a good humorist, and is now in a concert party.—TOM.

HOW TO PICNIC

Pacific Ocean coral islands are places a lot of people read about, but few visit.

After months of convoying, however, W/M J. S. Gotts and some of his pals got permission to picnic on one—put off in a boat. He tells his mother at 7, Garriock Road, Glasgow:

We hoisted a sail, and wind took us to this little Eden. We pulled our boat on to a foreshore that looked pure silver.

We bathed for hours, letting great rollers break over us, and then made inland. We knocked coconuts off trees. Hundreds of bananas hung within our reach. There were mangoes, limes—in fact it was the kind of picnic you can have without taking anything at all with you.

The whole ship's company was waiting to welcome us back, but due to a tropical rainstorm that broke at the last moment, we returned looking like drowned rats.—Jack.

★ ★ ★

ITALIAN MARATHON

And here Gunner Cyril Ratcliffe tells his wife, who lives at 39, The Banks, Sileby, Leicestershire, about a strange birthday out East:

The big attack opened at 6.30 a.m. on my birthday morning. The enemy held strong positions in the mountain sides, while we held a "waddie" (dried river bed).

We were in the worse position because we were overlooked.

Dawn came with the artillery covering up the advance of the infantry. Soon we had them on the run—and they were on the run for a whole week.

The R.A.F. deserve all the praise they get, but I think too little is said about the fine work of the infantry, gunners, tank corps and others who are beating the Italian in the Africa in which he thought he was king-pin.—Cyril.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

SEEKING war work, I am told by employment exchange: "Sorry. Your husband is a soldier, and as the law stands you will be entitled to a holiday whenever he is on leave. So I can't do anything for you."—Mrs. Gladys Weaver, 22, Pine Close, Huyton, Liverpool.

★ ★ ★

Only R.N.R. rating who gets less than on the day war broke out is the 2nd Hand (or Mate) on a trawler. And trawler work is a very different job to-day.—W. O. H., 2nd Hand, H.M.T. ———.

★ ★ ★

Millions of tins of unsweetened condensed milk are being brought here from the U.S., whereas the sweetened kind would take up no more shipping space.—Gertrude A. Rogers, Patcham, Brighton, 6.

★ ★ ★

Strange how often local shops can get (to sell at 1s. 6d.) Army cap badges that the quartermaster can't get to sell at the official price of 6d.—S. A., Woolwich.

★ ★ ★

Having had two clothing coupons too many cut from my ration book, I am told by Board of Trade, after speaking to seven different officials on 'phone: "Your problem will be put before a special committee."—Mrs. F. H. Tilley, Castleford, Yorks.

★ ★ ★

Evacuated girl of eighteen, staying with us, is told "no vacancies" at local employment exchange, so finds job in sweetshop—this though district is importing young female labour from all parts.—Mr. A. Coffey (address withheld).

★ ★ ★

Milk waterers pay no higher fines (they are sometimes as low as £1) despite the shortage and great need of safeguarding public health.—R. South, Leicester.

Make Haste with Nursery Schools

MOTHERS of young children are expected to make a big sacrifice.

They are urged to send the youngsters away from target towns—for the youngsters' sake.

They are called on to volunteer for war work—for their country's sake.

But naturally they want assurance that the "under-fives" will be cared for in the country by qualified persons.

Instead, they find that a "hope for the best" attitude is all that Officialdom is prepared to offer.

A start has been made in some big towns to provide those nursery schools that were promised so long ago.

In the towns, yes. But where are there residential nursery centres for evacuated "under-fives"?

You will search great areas of the countryside in vain for them.

Not so Difficult

Yet they would not take months or millions to organise. They would not entail the building of huge institutions.

Indeed, any institutional atmosphere is the last thing that's wanted.

Large houses could be taken over as billets and a "housemother" appointed for every group of five or six youngsters.

In one small Surrey town alone a survey has listed some fifty houses as suitable for the purpose.

Of course, adequate domestic staff must be provided so that the "housemother" does not become a maid-of-all-work.

In other places, group nursery camps could be speedily and economically constructed.

It has been found by experience that forty children can be better supervised than two separate groups of twenty.

And these larger colonies can be provided with a resident nurse.

Combined with Billeting

Or, more simply, children can be billeted singly or in couples with families that already have children, and arrangements made for them to attend a nursery centre.

But the first step is obviously the provision of such centres.

In many districts infant welfare centres can be adapted. Elsewhere, village houses must be requisitioned and reconditioned.

So the problem is not insoluble: the difficulties, though many, are not insuperable.

The chief needs are determination and organisation.

JOHN BULL believes that the Ministries of Health and Labour could draw up a sensible, country-wide scheme in a matter of weeks.

They would find many voluntary associations anxious to help. They would find that the Child Care Reserve Organisation has trained women from twenty to fifty who are anxious to start work.

And they would give an immense inducement to the mothers of "under-fives" to accept jobs in war factories.

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY—BY WILL SCOTT

FUN FOR MARY

By some means the news reached the school before Mary did on the Monday morning

IT was no fun for Mary. That was what made the Old Man make up his mind in the end.

Mary was an orphan. Also, Mary was nine. Whereas the Old Man and his wife, who were Mary's grandparents, would never again see sixty.

The farm, miles away from anywhere and even out of sight of the next neighbour, was paradise to them.

But it was no fun for Mary, and they knew it.

School was three miles away and she had no little friends near. The Old Man and his wife tried their best, but they knew it was a poor best.

Mary was very much on her own; a lonely child living an empty life. The Old Man and his wife knew this; what they didn't know was what to do about it.

And then one day the evacuation officer called to see if something could be done. Would they take in an evacuee? Or more than one?

The Old Man really hadn't given it a thought. And now, before he gave it a thought, he hastened to say, "No!—not more than one!!!" About that he felt he had to put his foot down at the start. Not more than one.

"Well, one," said the evacuation officer. "What about one?"

The Old Man didn't know what to say. They were so far away from things, and so old, and so busy, that it didn't seem quite fair to take in an evacuee child from a busy city at such a lonely place.

And then the thought occurred to him: "It would be fun for Mary."

Of course, they couldn't really afford it. They could afford neither the time nor the money. They were poor. It was work all the hours of daylight on the farm, and then about all that Mary had at the end of the week was a penny to spend at the village shop.

Poor . . . They had never been anything else; but now, with the war, they were worse off than ever they had been. No toys for Mary; no cinemas like the town children had.

And yet . . .

The Old Man looked at Mary, sitting on the green gate by the cowshed, with nothing to do. It would be *fun*.

So he said yes.

MARY was nearly as excited as the Old Man and his wife when she knew. There were lots of things to be done. A room had to be prepared. Plans had to be made. Letters had to be written.

The newcomer's name, a letter told them, was Elsie, and she lived in South London, not far from the river. Like Mary, she had no mother, but she had a father and she had been looking after him as best she could. What he was going to do now she didn't know. . .

Of course the news got out. It passed from farm to farm. It reached the village. By some means it reached the school before Mary did on the Monday morning. Mary, for the first time there, had the centre position and all the limelight. What was Elsie like? How old was she? When would she be coming?

To the last one Mary answered that Elsie was expected on the next Thursday afternoon.

The Old Man had plenty of it, too. From the tradesmen who brought things out to the farm, from the farmers he visited, from the shopkeepers in the village when he went there in the trap.

"Bit late to be increasing the family!" most of them said with a loud laugh.

But the Old Man only smiled and shook his head wisely. Now it was all settled he was glad about it. It had caused a stir at the farm such as there had not been for many a long year.

ON Wednesday night, indeed, there was the greatest difficulty in getting Mary to go to bed.

"What time will Elsie come? Are you sure to go and meet her, grandpa? How long now before it is to-morrow?"

"I'm glad I didn't say no to that evacuation officer," said the Old Man to his wife when at last Mary had gone upstairs. "And I nearly *did!*"

"I'm glad you didn't," said his wife.

The next morning, setting out for school, Mary wanted to know if Elsie would be there when she got back.

"That," said the Old Man, "depends on what time she gets here. The postman's coming up the lane. Perhaps there'll be a letter."

There was a letter. It knocked the Old Man speechless. He read it twice and passed it across to his wife.

"Is anything wrong?" asked Mary.

The Old Lady read the letter and looked up at her husband.

"Is anything wrong?" asked Mary.

The Old Man scratched his head.

"Grandpa," said Mary, "is anything wrong?"

"If you don't go off to school at once," said the Old Man, "you'll be late. Now, what should be wrong? Off you go to school, and hurry home again."

When Mary had gone the Old Man let out a sigh.

"Two of 'em!" he said wearily.

He had another go at the letter.

Elsie was sorry, but after all she wasn't coming. She was sending Nicholas and Jane instead. She had had a long, long talk with her daddy, and she wasn't going to leave him, raids or no raids.

But London might not be safe in the winter for Nicholas and Jane, and she wouldn't like any harm to come to them. She'd never forgive herself. So she was sending them instead.

"*Two of 'em!*" the Old Man repeated.

"I—I don't know how we're going to do it," said the Old Lady.

"No more do I," said the Old Man.

In the early afternoon the Old Man got ready and dressed in his Sunday best to go down to the station and meet his evacuees.

"We must think of Mary," said the Old Lady.

"Ah," he nodded. "Yes. . . ." And then he growled: "Bad enough any way, but look at their names! *Nicholas and Jane!* We shall have people laughing."

The platform of the village station was crowded that afternoon, for Nicholas and Jane were not the only evacuees expected. The Old Man made the best of things and walked about the platform spreading the news that instead of one he had been suddenly landed with two.

"'Tweren't what we looked for, but it'll be fun for Mary," he said, trying to grin.

The train came in and stopped. Little Londoners jumped out and shouted names. The evacuation officer and his helpers sorted them out and delivered them to their foster-parents. Hand in hand, in ones and twos, they detached themselves, were lifted into old gigs outside and driven away to new homes. The train went on.

FAR down the platform a porter hoisted up a parcel or two. But for him the Old Man stood alone.

Stood alone and blinked and tried to understand it.

"Nobody!" he said. "Not two. Not even one. Nobody at all!"

And then:

"What will Mary say?"

Better even *three* than none, he found himself wishing. What *would* Mary say? Mary, now getting ready to hurry home from school.

The porter stopped beside him.

"Parcel for you."

The Old Man took the parcel and passed through the station and climbed into his gig and went home.

"They never turned up," he said quietly. "Everybody else's; not ours. What will Mary say. . . ?"

"What's the parcel?" asked the Old Lady.

"Don't know."

He got the kitchen scissors and clipped the string, and out from the parcel lifted two great dolls—immense things, as big as Mary herself had been only a year or two ago. Labels were tied to their buttons, and one label said "Nicholas" and the other label said "Jane."

The Old Man looked at the Old Lady and the Old Lady smiled. The Old Man began to chortle.

"Well, dang me!" he said.

They sat down and laughed.

"How things turn out!" said the Old Lady.

"One thing about it," said the Old Man; "it'll be fun for Mary."

Why We Must Save 10s. a Week

By a City Reporter

TWO years ago to-day the National Savings Scheme (war time edition) was launched.

Lord Simon, then Chancellor of the Exchequer Sir John Simon, asked the country's small savers to be the first financiers of the war bill.

In the first year of the campaign they lent £465 millions—about £9 millions a week. In the twelve months ending to-day they have bumped up the figure to about £625 millions—roughly, £12 millions a week.

Although a total of £1,090 millions in two years is a fine achievement, it is not enough. The third year must produce far better results.

Get these figures into your system:

Weekly cost of the war is now averaging over £85,000,000.

Taxation provides only £37,000,000.

The balance of £48,000,000 has to be borrowed.

★ ★ ★

Small savers are finding about one-quarter of the borrowings—not enough.

There are about 45,000,000 of us, and we must therefore *on the average* save 21s. 4d. a week.

As, however, the small wealthy section of the community and the banks can contribute on a much higher scale than small savers, it would be asking the impossible to expect everyone—man, woman, child—to save 21s. 4d. a week.

But it is essential in their own interests that they save in this third year of the campaign more than last year's 5s. 4d. a head per week. They must aim at a minimum average of 10s. a week, nothing less.

The new income tax is already cutting sharply into incomes, but that is no excuse for not saving more.

★ ★ ★

The grim stark alternative to paying now by intensified savings or taxation is inflation, with all its awful evils.

Inflation may make wealthy investors wealthier and industrialists richer. But it is a mistake to think that wage-earners are better off with wages soaring rapidly upwards.

Prices of food and clothing, unless rigidly controlled, always go up first. The pay packet tags along well behind.

A £1 note does the work of 15s., then 10s., then only 5s.

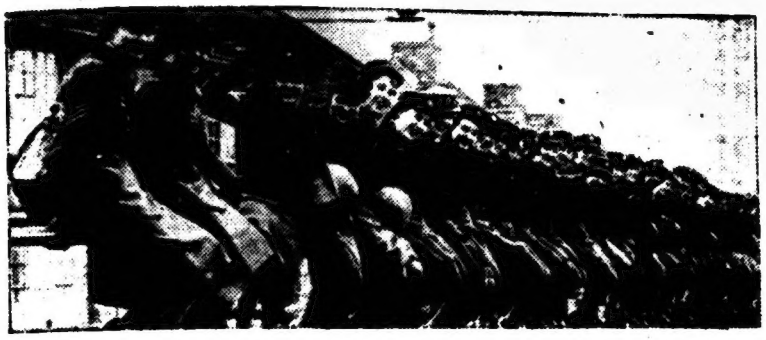
If we believe official experts, there has been very little inflation since war started. Actually the *real* cost of living has already gone up 50 per cent. at least, possibly more.

The Treasury is struggling hard to stop a further increase.

Lord Kindersley, head of the Savings Movement, is constantly looking for new methods of *cajoling* money into savings.

The time has now come, however, when kid glove methods must be dropped.

If people will not do with less and save voluntarily, they must be *made* to do so.



Cheerful A.T.S. girls resting on a route march. Parents, says Humanist, probably underestimate their daughters' ability to take care of themselves

Little Women and Good Wives

By HUMANIST

I ASKED an M.P. the other day what he would do if he had charge of the country in war time.

"First," he said, "I'd get rid of all the people who do nothing to help. Not kill them off—just transfer them to some island out of sight.

"Far too many people expect to carry on their civilian life in the old way. They grumble; they obstruct; they get us all into bad odour."

I recalled his diatribe when I opened this letter from a girl of eighteen:

I am keen to join the A.T.S., but my parents object. Can't you persuade the Government to conscript young people of my age?

I know that at eighteen a girl can join if she wants to—but though many of us are eager enough we don't like to go against our parents' wishes.

No doubt the Government will conscript girls of eighteen if it becomes necessary, but in this island we always try voluntary methods first.

The parents are thinking of the girl's safety. They probably under-estimate her ability to take care of herself.

And they probably have erroneous ideas about life in the Services.

Anyhow, do they really imagine they can carry on as if the war were no concern of theirs?

A DIFFERENT problem is raised by a young woman's letter about jealous wives:

My own husband has been stationed in camps with A.T.S. and W.A.A.F. girls, but I have never had a moment's doubt about his faithfulness to me.

I think that when a wife suspects her husband without reason it is because she knows what she would do if she were in his shoes.

She jumps to the conclusion that he must be doing the same thing. It is a reflection on herself.

Certainly the most jealous woman I have met is herself a great flirt. When her husband returns home a few minutes late she imagines he has been out with some other woman.

It is not safe to make an absolute rule, even though we can think of examples that seem to justify it.

On the other hand, here is another letter from a soldier's wife:

The last time my husband came home on leave I found a snapshot of two pretty girls in his pocket.

I don't believe he would be unfaithful. It is just that he cannot resist flirting with an attractive girl.

He appears to be devoted to me and to our little daughter. Neighbours are always telling me what a good husband I have got.

All the same, I am desperately worried. If I were still passionately in love with him I should be jealous many a time.

Note that this reader is not suspecting her husband of doing what she would do in his place. She knows his nature and she has evidence.

His devotion to her is probably quite sincere.

He may make her jealous owing to his popularity with other girls, but she need not lose any sleep on that account.

ONE of the most pathetic letters I have ever received comes from a middle-aged woman whose husband claims to have no vices at all.

He doesn't smoke or drink, and he regards gambling as a sin. He would never look at another woman. He thinks it wicked to take in a Sunday paper.

But he is dreadful company.

Half the time he is dull and moody, without a word to throw at a dog.

The rest of his time he moans about his grievances and criticises everything and everybody.

I sometimes wish he would run amok and do something disgraceful to make him human.

One is almost driven to the conclusion that a woman has to choose between two evils—a lively husband who is liable to attract too many girl friends or a depressingly dull man who makes her feel like screaming!

A morbidly jealous woman had better choose a dull husband.

If she wants an interesting and jolly companion she must be prepared to pay the price. She must rid her mind of those crude possessive instincts that would spoil happiness for both of them.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

The Nazis couldn't hold him! The burning urge to fight for freedom is one of many things the Nazi mentality will never understand. The regime of the Herrenvolk could never breed a man like Paul

THROUGH HELL TO FREEDOM

By Vincent Brome

ALL was quiet in the harbour that night. Ghost ships lay at rest. A gathering tide whispered amongst them.

The silence was broken by a sharp command. Three figures emerged from the gloom and strode down a gangway.

Suddenly one of them—a short man—swung a terrific blow at the figure on his left.

A grunt, the creak of strained woodwork and a great splash in the water below.

The second man, bent like a gorilla, came at him. Paul leapt into the air and leap-frogged over the bent back.

Then he was away, streaking across the quay. Revolvers cracked and ships came noisily to life.

Straining every muscle, Paul raced on.

What's that? Wire, barbed wire. Rows of it.

Paul ducked down to crawl through the wire. The padding feet of the patrol came nearer.

The tiny barbed tongues tore at his hands and clothes. A strip of flesh was gouged from his arm. He hardly noticed.

A torch beam flashed near him. He plunged on through the wire—and suddenly was free.

The cold wind stirred his matted hair as he raced across the next open space. Then his heart sank.

A blank wall surmounted by electrified wires!

In his daylight senses he would have said that to jump it was impossible. But he swept up in the greatest leap of his life.

The stars twinkled on steel spikes. He had tucked his feet up and landed heavily on the other side.

He was bleeding and badly shaken. But he had dodged the Nazi guards at last.

Thus began one of the most astounding escapes from occupied territory since the Germans overran Europe. Paul belonged to that class of French soldier which was not demobilised after the Armistice.

Passage on Warship

His military position had enabled him to get passage on a French warship bound for Morocco. There he bluffed his way aboard a ship bound for Portugal.

The captain had discovered his object and he was placed under arrest. Then, when they took him ashore at midnight, he made his dramatic escape.

He decided to break across the frontier into Spanish Morocco, hoping to go on to Tangier.

In Casablanca he bought a map, compass, torch, civilian clothes and some tinned food.

Amongst the food were three tins of sardines. They were to play a strange part in his escape.

The tricky business of getting a forged leave-pass occupied some days. Then, still in uniform, Paul took a bus travelling north towards the Spanish frontier.

He had bought 100 Spanish pesetas on the black market in exchange for 700 francs. Now he found that the Spanish money was forged.

He left the bus some miles from the frontier, but he had not walked a hundred yards before he ran into a patrol of native police.

Impressed by the variety of official stamps on the forged pass, they said he could proceed.

All that moonless night he stumbled on over bleak, rocky country.

A Little Money

At dawn he fell asleep in a cornfield. When he woke the fields were alive with peasants.

Soon he was spotted. One native immediately fled in search of a policeman.

Paul shouted after him the only three words in Arabic he knew. "Handi flus Chouia!" (I have a little money.)

The native returned rolling his eyes. There were policemen everywhere, he said.

Next day, he marched on across desolate stretches of sand, broken by patches of bleak rock.

He slept well that night and awoke hungry and thirsty. Then he made an appalling discovery.

The ants had raided his provisions. Only the three tins of sardines were left—three tins of sardines to get him to Tangier!

He found a pool of brackish water, its surface almost blotted out by bees dying from thirst. He had to push them aside to find room for his lips.

By ten o'clock the sun had beaten the earth into a dusty yellow sameness. He began to feel light-headed.

Once he thought he was going mad when a ridge of solid rock appeared to swing up and leer at him like some gigantic monster. It was only a trick of the heat haze.

Evening brought relief from the pitiless glare. As the sun went down he ate one of his precious tins of sardines and then set off again.

Some poison had entered his cut and swollen feet, and several abcesses had started.

Dawn of the fourth day found him on a lifeless plateau, barren of tree, shade or water.

Heat, thirst and exhaustion overcame him. He collapsed.

Immediately swarms of mosquitoes, carrying fever from the marshes, clustered round him.

Cry of Defiance

He put his feet in his haversack, tied a towel round his head, thrust his hands in his pockets, and lay for two hours.

At last he staggered up with a hoarse cry of defiance and stumbled on. Anything to stop being burnt alive!

Late that afternoon, when he reached the mountains, he collapsed again.

At night, in pitchy blackness, he crawled to the frontier at Bibane.

As he started to drag himself across, he was challenged.

Three rifle shots in rapid succession.

He slid his hand down his left side. Sticky and wet! Between his bursting breaths he put his fingers to his lips. Sardine oil!

Paul was taken into the British hospital at Tangier, where the doctors who operated on his legs told him the sardine tin had saved his life by deflecting the bullet.

To-day, Paul is serving with the Free French Forces in Britain.

LISTEN!

LISTEN! Can you not hear beneath the hideous clash of war, beneath the mass destruction by the ravening Nazi Claw, beneath the boasts of puppets who their temporal power proclaim, something moving, moving, moving, that has not yet got a name.

LISTEN! Can you not sense it, it comes from everywhere, a word, a sigh, a footstep, a hand outstretched to dare; to pluck a tyrant's life out of the covering dark, a V chalked swiftly, soundlessly, like a prophetic Mark.

LISTEN! Can you not feel it—that smouldering, restless power, that is stirring up and down the world preparing for the Hour; when the bloodiest revolution will be paled before its Might, when THE PEOPLES OF THE WORLD ARISE, AND MARCH TOWARDS THE LIGHT.

J. M.

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The containers in which you obtain your Gibbs Dentifrice may vary from time to time, but the high quality of the Dentifrice is maintained.

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CHAPPED CRACKED HANDS! Chilblains too!

Here's healing, soothing magic! Want to heal those poor cracked, chapped, work-scarred hands? Want to bring glorious relief to irritating chilblains on hands and feet by morning—to stop at once the sting and soreness of burns and bites? Get a Snowfire Healing Tablet—its amazing overnight effects are no less than miraculous!

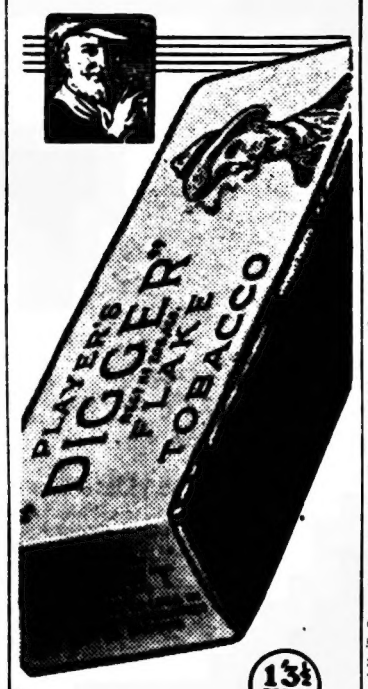
Snowfire Healing Tablet costs so little—does so much. Get yours today!

Make your own Cough Mixture

A New Recipe.

No other remedy gives such quick relief in all cases of Coughs, Colds, or other Bronchial troubles as this recipe. If these directions are carefully followed, it can easily be prepared in a very few minutes.

Directions: Heat half a pint of water (but it must not be boiling), and to this you simply add one ounce of Parmint (double strength) which is made up from 10 ingredients as used in the good old-fashioned remedies, and can be supplied by any good chemist. If you should have a little sugar or any sweetening syrup to spare, one or two spoonfuls may be added, taking care that it is well dissolved. A tablespoonful of the made-up mixture after the three principal meals and before retiring at night will bring a speedy end to your bronchial troubles.



Pipes and Pouches

To-day when you want the fullest possible value for every penny, the lasting qualities of your tobacco become most important. That's where "Digger" Flake scores. Full flavoured but cool, it burns slowly and evenly, and gives a full return in smoking satisfaction and enjoyment.

PLAYER'S DIGGER TOBACCOS

FLAKE · SHAG · MIXTURE · PLUG · HONEYDEW

P.D. 91

Whichever way you say it, the fact is we are all "All Out" for Victory. Enjoy Sharp's Toffee while you are working, and even if you can't get any for the moment keep working. Remember, Sharp's the word for Victory, and Sharp's the Toffee too.

"Big Six" Toffee 1/- per ½ lb.

THE LAST LAUGH

D. P. (Winchester).—"I recently read of two castaways who have lived for years on a tiny South Pacific island and refused to leave when a ship arrived to take them back to civilisation." It's quite evident that, somehow or other, they had heard of civilisation.

O. J. (Tunbridge Wells).—"Did you consider that my two poems were dry?" Well, they certainly burnt quite easily.

W. L. (Kidlington).—"An American girl has won the swimming, fencing and running championships of her college, and has also passed out with highest honours in history, mathematics and modern languages." An ideal mate for a man who can cook.

R. Y. (Sheffield).—"I recently entered a railway carriage for non-smokers, but all the occupants were smoking cigarettes. I *was* angry." Wouldn't they divulge the names of their tobacconists?

ARCHIE (Denham).—"I had a brilliant idea in my head last night, but it has completely gone now." It probably died from sheer loneliness.

MRS. L. (North Wembley).—"I heard three loud knocks on the door and who do you think was standing there when I opened it?" The person who knocked.

F. M. (Suffolk).—"I've got three weeks in which to pay the fine." Or you get the same number of months?

B. K. (Taunton).—"I read recently that Mussolini decorated the Mayor of an Italian town after witnessing a spontaneous outburst of loyalty by the inhabitants." In our opinion the honour was well deserved. These affairs take organising.

W. D. E. (Stowmarket).—"Instead of cigarettes, I now smoke a clay pipe. Do you consider there is any advantage in that?" Well, you don't have to pick it up if you drop it.

A. T. (Orpington).—"When I tried to tune in New York on my radio, all I could get were crackling sounds." Perhaps an American announcer was eating roast pork near the microphone.

G. K. (Falmouth).—"I have been told that, by new methods, horticulturists plan to have tomatoes ripening at Christmas time." They will be prized as additions to the national menu, so there is no need for alarm amongst pantomime comedians.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Which way are yer takin' it, mate? Up by Persia, or round by Vladivostok?"

F. F. (Leatherhead).—"There is nothing like a sound diet to brighten up one's views." Though a wash leather has been known to work wonders.

C. M. (Margate).—"The Government urges the public to include paid bills in the salvage drive for paper." Tradesmen heartily endorse this appeal.

G. B. (Attenborough).—"Owing to the fhortage of typewriterf I now ufe a model many yearf old." Yef, we fee that. Dafh it, you've got uf doing it now.

MRS. S. (Hertford).—"Every time my husband comes home from fire-watching, he is dead tired. His duties seem to take too much out of him." See letter below.

D. S. (Hertford).—"Our fire-watching squad has a bottle party and a sing-song far into the night every time we are on duty." See letter above.

J. W. (Dundee).—"They had the cheek to let me a house with a cellar full of water." What did you expect. Beer?

GODFREY (Queenborough).—"I do not intend sending you any more funny stories." Then at last we are able to laugh.

MISS D. (Oxford).—"When some pictures of British soldiers came on the screen, my escort took his arm from round me to clap." Now, that's patriotism.

GREATEST OF THESE

● "I have been incapacitated from work for the past four years," writes F. E. Elsmore, a middle-aged architect who is suffering from neurasthenia.

He was recently bombed out of his home, losing all his possessions.

Underclothing and a winter overcoat are his most pressing needs.

In his time this man has done good work as a bridge designer. Now he is at the end of his resources and appeals to our Fund for help.

In the Spring he hopes to be well enough to do some work again. Meantime, he urgently needs assistance.

Will you send a donation to help him.

Letters earmarked "Bridges," or for our General Fund, should be addressed to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office and the current week's will be sent on application.

Donations to our Fund are not subjected to deduction. All administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

We are grateful to those who send anonymously.

Side-Slips

ESSEX CHRONICLE: — "Those chaps had brought the difficult job of DESSERT artillery to a fine art."

BELFAST TELEGRAPH: — "'Now, while the Germans can be LIKED, is the time to lick them.'"

TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS: — "As soon as he came here he took up the REINS of responsibility with enthusiasm in more departments than one."

Result of "BULLETS" 1,297

FIRST PRIZE £50.

A. E. Tunnicliffe, 71, Caledon Road, Nottingham.
Example: WORLD OF TO-MORROW
Bullet: TEUTONIC, UNLESS HITLER'S TITANIC.

£20: J. C. Easther, "Charnwood," Hinckley Road, Burbage, Leics.
Example: What Frits Ordered
Bullet: "Pumpin's Out"—Delivered "Hearse"!

£10: J. D. Colchester, 37, Acacia Avenue, Ruislip.
Example: Hazed In The Right-thirty
Bullet: "Explosives"—Munitions Train Ahead.

£5: R. H. Fleming, 177, Corporation St., Stafford.
Man Behind The Counter—"Starved" By "Big Stores."

£4: C. Heythorpe, 59, Rock Street, Oldham, Lancs.
Fighting The Flames—Half-heartedly—*Britain* "Going Out."

£3: N. Lee, 72, Frostone Road, Huddersfield.
She And Her Mother—"Supported" He—I "Collapsed"!

£2: Mrs. Seeby, 18, Benson Street, Cambridge.
Fighting The Tempter—Enemy? Fight Too Tempting!

10s.: F. Tyldsley, 77, Bradford Rd., Farnworth, Bolton.
How They've A Baby—"Battle" Signifies "Bivvy" Fighter.

10s.: J. G. Roberts, 13, York Avenue, Oldham, Lancs.
She And Her Mother—"Boston Tract" *Asking Questions!*

10s.: G. Jenkins, 11, Hollybush Villas, Church Village, Nr. Pontypridd, Glam.
Wishing Hostile—Grandma, Completing First Task!

27s.: J. Hillett, 2, Station Buildings, Spohr Terrace, South Shields.
How They've A Baby—Pessimists Cancelled Three Cradles!

10s.: R. G. Lymbery, 98, Half Moon Lane, Herne Hill, S.E.24.
Found In The Home—Guard—"Sending For Re—Lovelace!"

Xmas Dinner Award with 3 Chief Prizes Above.

A list of 3 Winners of 15s., 20 Winners of 5s. and 60 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

52 XMAS PRIZES

WON IN XWORD No. 2

WINNING WORDS:—1. Reb. 2. Stool. 3. Sour. 4. Cup. 5. Wings. 6. Poster. 7. Step, Step or Scrap. 8. Gable. 9. Rose. 10. Mines. 11. Grant. 12. Cue. 13. Jail. 14. Lease.

£100 SHARERS:—Mrs. A. E. Atkins, Red Cheek Egg Farm, Hassocks, Sussex; F. C. Atkins, Red Cheek Egg Farm, Hassocks, Sussex; Mrs. B. Bentley, 24, Abbey Road, Bolton; Mrs. G. Bone, 19, Rookery Road, Selston, Nottm.; E. J. White, Flaxton, Old Selby, Bumbleton, Southampton.

Runners-up Awards, value £25, shared between 47 entrants. In addition, Xmas Pudding goes to each Prize-winner in this Contest.

XMAS PRIZES SEE PAGE OPPOSITE

JOHN BULL'S GREAT XMAS OFFER FOR CHILDREN

WONDERFUL WORKING MODEL TOYS

PLEASE get us this Book! It will keep us happy for hours

S.S. QUEEN ELIZABETH — See it speed across the floor.
CHAIRO-PLANE — See them go round and round.
CAR OF THE FUTURE — Streamlined, streaks over the ground.
CRANE — Picks up and lets down all sorts of things.
VERTICAL STEAM ENGINE — The big wheel revolves.
WONDERFUL FUEL-LESS POWER UNIT DRIVES ALL MODELS.
SPINNING WHEEL — Watch the lady really move.

EASILY PUT TOGETHER OUT OF THIS MARVELLOUS BOOK

MOTHERS! FATHERS! AUNTS! UNCLES! BIG BROTHERS AND SISTERS! Here's one of the nicest ways of giving the children a grand time this Christmas—something that will keep them enthralled and happy for hours. It is THE MAMMOTH BOOK OF WORKING MODELS containing gorgeously coloured working model toys which can easily be put together. Open the book, press out the separate parts of the models, put them together and, Hey, Presto!—they all work just like the real thing. There is nothing dangerous or messy.

"John Bull" is offering this book of models at a remarkably low Privilege Price—and pre-war value! Supplies are strictly limited. It is definitely a sale of first come, first served. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. Do not send no money now for this book, but you must apply at once on the Order-Label below. Here are the models:—

THE WONDER POWER UNIT, which drives some of the working models—it works without oil, steam, electricity, water or light, and is absolutely harmless. Size: 12 in. high and 5 in. wide. And now for the models.

S.S. QUEEN ELIZABETH. Size: 18 in. long by 1½ in. wide.

SPINNING WHEEL. Size: 6½ in. high by 8 in. wide.

CRANE. Size: 6 in. high by 5½ in. wide with 10-in. arm.

CHAIROPLANE. Size: 20 in. diameter, 12 in. high.

VERTICAL STEAM ENGINE. Size: 8½ in. high, base 4½ in.

CAR OF THE FUTURE. Size: 13½ in. long by 4½ in. wide.

THE MAMMOTH BOOK OF WORKING MODELS

YOURS AT A LOW PRIVILEGE PRICE!

DO THIS NOW!

All you need offer you receive your Invoice is 2/6, plus 1/-, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc., making 3/6 in all.

DO THIS NOW! Fill in Order-Label (below). Affix penny stamp to space provided for your Special Privilege Invoice and printed matter; post at once in an unsealed envelope bearing a penny stamp to ODHAMS PRESS LTD., "THE MAMMOTH BOOK OF WORKING MODELS," BOOK DEPT., W.1, KING'S LANGLEY, HERTS.

On receipt of Order-Label, you will be sent an Invoice which you send back, together with your remittance, and the book will be dispatched, carriage paid, to your home.

"THE MAMMOTH BOOK OF WORKING MODELS"

A penny stamp MUST be affixed firmly here by you.

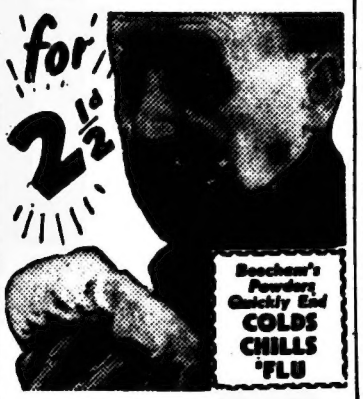
Write below in BLOCK LETTERS

NAME

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

Applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. U.1. 22/11/41

Defeat that COLD for 2½



Directly you feel a Cold, Chill, 'Flu or Feverish Attack coming on—ward it off for 2½d.

Take a ***Beecham's Powder*** now! Sneezing stops, the Shivery feeling and Feverishness are put to flight, that Aching feeling vanishes. ***Beecham's Powders*** are **QUICKER ACTING** and **MORE CERTAIN** in results. Get a supply today.

Prices in Gt. Britain (Incl. Purchase Tax)
Cartons of 6 Powders 1/6d.
Single Powders 2½d. each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS 2½

Germolene
ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Healed ULCERS IN ONE WEEK! FIRST APPLICATION BROUGHT RELIEF

NEGLECT of a simple skin abrasion may bring life-long misery—especially injuries to the leg or foot. Read this letter, and if you are a sufferer heed its message.

Mr. S. C., of Somerset, says:—"About three months ago I developed a sore on my leg. The sore developed into an ulcer. I then tried Germolene and honestly after the first application I found relief. The burning and inflammation passed away, after a week of Germolene the ulcers dried up."

Apply *Germolene* to the slightest wound at once. Its soothing, healing, germ-killing, cleansing action banishes skin troubles in record time. Even if you are a sufferer, as the man above, from a stubborn leg ulcer, still *Germolene* will bring you relief. If you suffer from obstinate Eczema, fierce irritation, inflammation, seasonal crops of pimples or boils, *Germolene* is the remedy you need.

The Quickest Healer of ECZEMA ULCERS ABSCESSES IMPETIGO BURNS SKIN INFECTION POISONED WOUNDS, CUTS, etc.

Sold Everywhere 7d., 1/6 and 3/3 per tin (*Including Purchase Tax*).

LAST 2 WEEKS of XMAS FEASTS!

XMAS PUDDINGS FOR X-WORDS—ONE WITH EVERY PRIZE! £100 CASH 1ST PRIZE £25 VALUE IN RUNNERS-UP AWARDS

For result of Xword No. 249, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and, enter on coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry Column.	5P Entry-fee for 1 Col.	5P	5P	5P
1 SOME MEN HAVE TO DO THIS MORE OFTEN NOW THEY'RE IN THE ARMY	S AVE			
2 MEN ARE APT TO SEEM SO TO SOME AS THEY SOON FOR COVER DURING HEAVY RAID	FUN Y			
3 SHOULD KEEP FOOD IN GOOD CONDITION	CO K			
4 IT'S WISE FOR ZOO ATTENDANT TO BE ON GUARD AGAINST THESE WHEN HE	AGE			
5 MANY PEOPLE LAUGH AT OLD-FASHIONED ONES	DUE S			
6 HERE SORRY OF THIS IS A TONIC TO SOME PEOPLE	EA			
7 SMALL-HOLDER'S SURPLUS VEGETABLES ARE FREQUENTLY TURNED INTO	ASH			
8 THESE ARE SOMETIMES REMEMBERED BY THE NAME OF SPECIAL PEOPLE	RO ES			
9 IT'S DEAR OF LAWYERS TO TAKE ADVAN. TAGE OF THESE	FLA S			
10 PEOPLE AS A RULE DISLIKE BEING RE-MINDED THEY ARE VERY	O D			
11 WASHING OF BARBER IS SOMEWHAT GIVEN BY THIS	S ELL			
12 HEAVY FALL MAY WELL CAUSE ONE TO BREAK DOWN	WI E			
13 OLD-FASHIONED ONE WILL PROBABLY SEEM PICTURESQUE IN RUSTIC DRAMA	ST LE			
14 THE HARDER UP YOU ARE, THE MORE THERE SEEM TO WORRY YOU AT XMAS	WA TS			

FREE ENTRIES
Send in entries at rate of 6d. for each 2 columns submitted. 2 columns FREE with each 6 paid. Extra entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.
Closing Postmark MON., DEC. 1.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee.
P.O. Value..... No. .....
Signed .....
Address.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY on at foot of column

With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—see entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee at rate of 6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated December 20, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

CASH XMAS CAKES XMAS DINNERS!

PRIZES value over £115 £50 CASH plus £20 CASH plus £10 CASH plus XMAS DINNER for 6 People

OTHER AWARDS £5 £4 £3 £2 50 FINE XMAS CAKES

USE ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below.

BRITAIN'S STRENGTH
IN WAR'S BLIZZARD
NAZI WOLVES
AS THINGS ARE
OUR BATTLE-CRY
TYRANNY
TO WORK
GRIMLY
ROLL OUT THE TANKS AND
HUSH-HUSH POLICY
NO LONGER
AS DAD SAID
GOOD FOOD
BLOODTHIRSTY RUFFIAN
GALLON OF PETROL
PAPER'S SCARCE, SO
HER ROMEO
WHEN THE BOMB FELL
SOLDIER'S WIFE
TO FIND THE MONEY

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

TORCH OF.....FOR RUSSIA
IDLE.....
MUST BE.....
LEARNING TO.....
WE CAN'T.....

Result of "Bullets" No. 1,297 appears on page 14

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

TWO FREE ENTRIES may be enclosed with each four paid—plain paper entries allowed.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this coupon.

Signed .....

P.O. Value..... No.....
1,301 Closing Postmark, MON., DEC. 1

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,301—or Xword No. 253, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

A mild and exceedingly fragrant mixture, blended from specially picked fine old matured leaf. Recommended with all confidence for the occasion which demands a more than usually choice and mellow tobacco.

—for Sundays

PER 1½ OZ.

The First Lieutenant **SWEARS** *by* **KOLYNOS!** *of course*

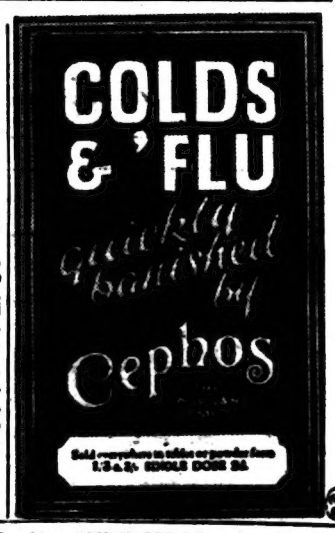
Th.: 'girl-in-every-port' stuff may not be strictly accurate, but when the ship comes in and 'Leave' is piped, there's such a running of baths and brushing of hair, you can bet there's a pretty powerful attraction ashore. '... and who's swiped my KOLYNOS?' shouts Number One. 'How do you think I can keep my teeth ship-shape...?'

SKIN TROUBLE!

This Famous Liquid Remedy will Quickly Heal You

The germs and poisons which cause Eczema, Ulcers, Boils and inflamed rashes lurk deep down below the surface of the skin. D.D.D. Prescription penetrates easily into the pores of the skin and removes the cause of the trouble. That is why it soothes and heals so quickly. Irritation stops, inflammation dies away, spotless new skin forms and all traces of the ugly rashes or pimples disappear. D.D.D. Prescription is invaluable in all cases of eczema, dermatitis, impetigo, boils, ulcers, cuts, wounds. 1/6 per bottle from any chemist.

D.D.D PRESCRIPTION



What do I do...

if I think my child is entitled to extra clothing coupons?

If he (or she) attends school, I give him his clothing card to take with him and hand to the school authorities.

If he is not at school, but was born between 1st Jan., 1925 and 31st Aug., 1927, I get an application form from a Post Office—a white form G.C.1 if he has an Unemployment Book; if not, a pink form G.C.2. I read the instructions on the form and follow them carefully.

If he (or she) is not at school, but was born on or after 1st Sept., 1927, and is 5ft. 3in. or more in height or 7 stone 12 lb. or more in weight, I write for an application form to the Board of Trade, Pine Court Hotel, Bournemouth, Hants, and state why the child is not at school.

Cut this out — and keep it!

Issued by The Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

See how Andrews refreshes and purifies:

FIRST. Andrews cleans and refreshes the mouth and tongue.

NEXT. Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity.

THEN. Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY. To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels.

10½d. and 1/6½d. including purchase tax

When days are cold many prefer Andrews with the chill off.

ANDREWS

The quality is always the same

You men who are fit and under 33—your place in this war is at the side of the gallant R.A.F. flying men who are teaching the Hun what air war means. Now is the time to come forward and put your name down for flying duties at the Combined Recruiting Centre! Age limits—31 for Pilots, 33 for Observers (40 for Observers with special qualifications). *Reserved men can be released for flying duties.*

—fly with the RAF

To Air Ministry Information Bureau, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. *Please send me latest leaflet, giving details of Flying Service in the R.A.F.*

AGE.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS

J.B./22/11

Your kitchen range must burn less this winter!

Get to know it better. Persuade it to do more—for less! Every scuttle saved means more for the factories, to swell the output of weapons—to finish the job.

ECONOMISE IN EVERY WAY YOU CAN

Here are some examples:

Have a fire in one room only—breakfast in the kitchen

Never use your oven for a single dish

Use less hot water for baths and washing up

Wrap up hot water pipes and tanks to retain heat

Waste occurs when dampers are open unnecessarily

Sift and use all cinders, and use coal dust for banking

Call at your Coal Office or Gas or Electricity Showroom for advice and leaflets on how to economize.

Save FUEL for the factories

All Fuels are equally important

COAL · COKE · GAS · ELECTRICITY · FUEL OIL · PARAFFIN

ISSUED BY THE MINES DEPARTMENT

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